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JOHN BULL

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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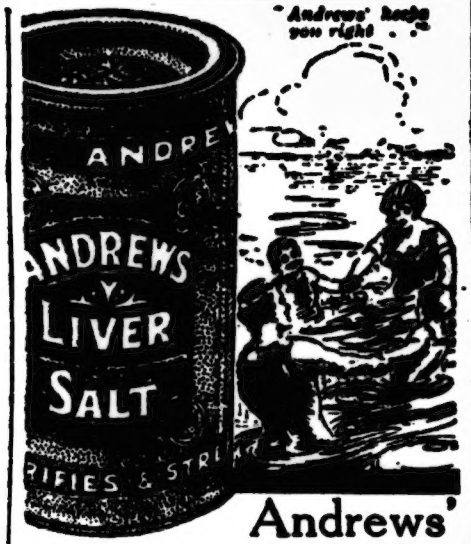

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Vol. XXX. No. 794. **Week ending Saturday, August 20th, 1921.** **Twopence.**

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Ireland.

As we have more than once predicted, making peace with Ireland is not the simple matter which so many optimistic people have been supposing. We prefer, however, to refrain from comment for a few days longer, on the principle that "while there's life there's hope."

Government by Committee.

How some of the old-time statesmen would smile at the modern system of doing everything by Committee or Conference, instead of Ministers taking their courage in their hands and personally tackling the work before them! Verily, we live in an age of mediocrity.

The Westminster Election.

The situation is becoming interesting—our cranky old friend, Arnold Lupton, having popped up between the rival Economy candidates, as the nominee of the Liberals. This should considerably enhance the prospects of General Nicholson, as the disgruntled Coalition Liberals would otherwise most probably have voted for Colonel Applin. There may yet be further interesting developments.

Consolidated Fund Bill.

The introduction of this measure—which authorises the payment out of the Consolidated Fund of the various sums voted by the Commons—heralds the end of the Session and of the present Parliament. The original intention was to dissolve early next year, after the production of an Anti-Waste Budget, but we very much doubt whether the Coalition can last out the necessary period.

"Member for Ireland."

We have sometimes been described by our more ardent admirers as "Member for England." And now every week brings us letters from Irish men and women who, complaining that their own M.P.s are either voluntarily or compulsorily absent from Westminster, ask us to bring their grievances before the House. As though we had not enough to do with the affairs of "perfidious Albion"!

Our Latest Recruit.

The Independent Parliamentary Group goes marching on! Following Colonel Claude Lowther and his cousin, Major Christopher Lowther, now comes Sir Cecil Beck, late Minister of Reconstruction, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of National Service, Vice-Chamberlain to His Majesty's Household, Liberal Whip and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. With General Townshend, Admiral Sueter and Sir Thomas Polson, we are not such a "freak" Party, are we?

Judicial Changes.

Look out for two very interesting appointments to the Judicial Bench, to follow the vacancies caused by impending resignations. One of them, at least, will cause a public outcry.

Good News for "Robert."

Lord Robert Cecil is to-day the happiest man in the world. The League of Nations is to do something after all—that is to say, France and Britain, being unable to agree over Silesia, have shelved the whole business by "referring" it to the forthcoming Geneva Conference. *R.I.P.!*

Geese and Gander.

An instructive object lesson in the sincerity of the plea for sex equality was afforded the other day when, during the debate on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, a clause was introduced making indecency between females a misdemeanour, as it is between males—and was opposed by Lady Astor!

Where's the B in ERNEST?

Be in earnest to win a prize in the "Queeries" Competition now running in the "Passing Show." "Queeries" is the most fascinating competition ever devised. Try it as an antidote to the Income Tax.

"Passing Show" ... ... Every Monday. 2d.

Mespot.

It begins to look as though, after all, the Government will be forced to adopt General Townshend's solution of the Mesopotamia problem—just as the Admiralty will ultimately come round to Admiral Sueter's views about shipbuilding. That little Independent Group is, indeed, making good.

Mr. Asquith.

The ex-Premier has a remarkable and complex personality. After moving the rejection of the Key Industries Bill, in a speech which revealed some of his old form, he rushed straight out of the House to the tape machine to ascertain the latest cricket scores! In more senses than one, he has always played the game.

The War Criminals.

The Attorney-General had a great brainwave at the Paris Conference. There were three courses open to the Allies, he said: (1) To bring the alleged criminals to their own countries for trial; (2) To let the Leipzig proceedings continue; and (3) To do nothing further. And then came the orthodox solution—the matter was referred to a Special Committee for consideration! Oh, dear us!

Greece and Turkey.

We shall not be at all surprised if one of the results of the Paris Conference is a definite decision by the Allies to come to the aid of Greece. Personally, we shall be glad when Europe sees the back of Turkey.

India.

The latest news which reaches us is not encouraging. That interview between Lord Reading and Mr. Ghandi has apparently borne no good fruit, the fanatical firebrand being as active as ever in his anti-British campaign. Whatever may be the case with Ireland, India is certainly not yet ripe for "self-government."

The "Dismal Dean."

In last Sunday's *Illustrated* we wrote on "Why Men Do Not Go To Church," and we understand that Dean Inge—reputed to be the most gloomy of clerics—is to answer us in next Sunday's issue. Perhaps on this occasion, like Mr. Alfred Lester, he will be "merry and bright."

Admiral Sueter.

By the way, that was a splendid article in the same issue from the pen of Admiral Sueter—whose maiden speech is still the talk of the House of Commons—on his own Naval programme. He is undoubtedly a valuable acquisition to Parliament.

Official Jargon.

We are asked by one of our readers to transcribe into plain English the following notice, from the Health Insurance Card for women:—"If the insured person is eighteen years of age or over and her remuneration does not include board and lodging her share of the 9d. contribution is less than 4d. where the rate of her remuneration does not exceed 4s. for a full working day, *i.e.*, she pays 3d. if the rate is over 3s. but not over 4s. a day and nothing if not over 3s. a day." We must have notice of that question.

That Court-Martial Scandal.

We have been successful in extracting a promise from the Secretary of State for War that, in the special circumstances of the case of Private Rowe, which we exposed in a recent issue, and who suffered four months' imprisonment for an offence of which he is admittedly innocent, he will see if some substantial compensation cannot be granted. Simply to offer the man his back pay is, indeed, adding insult to injury. Now that a parsimonious Treasury has awarded Mrs. Goodin £250 for wrongful imprisonment, perhaps it will turn its attention to this case.

Gaol "Governesses"?

We have it on Mr. Shortt's authority that the new Governor of Holloway Gaol will not be a woman. But, considering that this is a prison for female delinquents only, the suggestion that someone of the same sex should be set in authority over it and its unhappy inmates is far more sensible than some that are made from time to time by advanced "feminists." Meanwhile, a woman has recently been appointed as Governor—or "Governess"—of the Borstal institution for females at Aylesbury, an experiment which will be watched with considerable interest by all advocates of penal reform.

Brave Boy Scout.

Jack Edmonds, a Grangetown boy scout, aged eleven, is a little hero with a heart of gold. A party of children from Grangetown were taken to Barry Island for a day's outing, and while bathing in the sea Cyril Finch, aged thirteen, was seized with cramp and carried out of his depth. Jack, who was standing by, at once dashed in, fully clothed, and was just in the nick of time to drag the drowning lad to safety. The deed stands out all the more prominent because Jack cannot swim. Such acts as these ennoble the splendid movement that Baden-Powell initiated.

Tithe Tomfoolery.

A reader at Bath, who owns a house in Southstoke Road, has just received a peremptory demand for payment of tithe charged on the land on which all the houses on the plot are built. There has been no legal or other apportionment, and the tithe has remained uncollected for nearly three years. Yet the solicitors state that the owner of any one house may be called upon for payment of the tithe in full. When they are remonstrated with, they curtly remark that they will not enter into any controversy, but issue a summons forthwith. This legal position is not only tomfoolery, but monstrous injustice into the bargain.

Humour at Sea.

The Superintendent of Mercantile Marine, Liverpool, is evidently a humorist. When a coloured seaman who was torpedoed in Nov., 1917, put in a claim for compensation for loss of his outfit—to which, of course, he is justly entitled—he was met with the rejoinder that he would have to wait until Germany paid. Unfortunately, the seaman—who has a good record, having won his ribbon and medals—finds it hard to get employment, and as he has a sick wife and is heavily in debt he does not see where the joke comes in. Neither do we, but perhaps the Superintendent's superiors in London can throw some light upon it.

Paying for Prayers.

Evidently the late Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Ridgeway, accepted as literal Hamlet's sarcastic assertion that, "If a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year . . . he must build churches," for, subject to his wife's approval, and to take effect after her death, he bequeathed his wealth, nearly £17,000, for the restoration of a chapel in Salisbury Cathedral, on condition that prayers for his wife's soul and his own be said therein on every All Souls' Day. In such times as these, when poverty and distress are rampant throughout the land, it is piteous to find a "Right Reverend Father in God" setting such store on prayers that are virtually paid for

Census and Censure.

Complaints of Census enumerators not receiving their pay are reaching us. Many of them are out-of-work ex-soldiers to whom the delay is a hardship. The Registrar-General's excuse that the balance due cannot be paid until the work has been checked and certified won't wash. It is a long stretch from June 19th to date, and two months to settle a job that a business firm would have done in as many weeks is a bit thick. But that is the Government Officials' little way.

Canaries.

Hundreds of ex-Service men, it seems, have taken to breeding canaries in order to supplement their pensions by the sale of the songsters. But they are up against the Hun who, this year, simply flooded England with birds. In America the breeders have united to try to keep the Hun out, and a Bill is to be introduced into Congress imposing a tax of five dollars on every imported bird. It would be a great boon to British breeders if similar steps were taken here.

Folly at Folkestone.

A week or so since, when a heavy sea was on, three bathers in imminent danger of drowning were dragged out at Folkestone. The danger-flag was flying, and bathers are warned not to enter the water when such is the case. There is, however, no by-law to stop them. Holiday-makers who do not appreciate these "thrills" are of opinion that a by-law should be passed making abstention compulsory when the danger-flag is hoisted, and that the Council should see that it is strictly enforced.

Why Not Cat for Cat?

Henry Gaskin is a brutish scoundrel whose kennel is at 167, Warrington Road, Abram, Lancs. He swung a cat round and smashed its head against some railings. One eye of the miserable animal was hanging out, the other bulging, and one leg was broken. The fiendish punishment was the price of entering his hen-house. It is impossible for decent people to grasp the devilish savagery of the doer of such deeds, or the cold-blooded indifference to suffering evinced by the Bench which fined him £5.

Our Daily Bread.

As opinions are wont to differ, we are not in the least surprised to find a reader taking exception to certain remarks of ours in a recent issue, disapproving of the Bread Order of 1918 This, it may be recalled, provides that no bread be sold unless it weighs one pound or an even number of pounds. The difficulty arises through evaporation after the loaf is over a day old, and members of the trade whom we have sounded on the matter contend that the Order should either be withdrawn or so amended as to protect them against proceedings arising from this eventuality.

And its Cost.

The pros and cons of the Order, however, are matters that chiefly affect the trade. What the public are more concerned about for the moment is the price of bread. The cost of the staff of life remains the same, despite the fact that the raw material is four shillings a sack cheaper than it was. Why?

"One Shall be Taken ——"

Two brothers live in the same house. Two unsealed envelopes, containing identical "duplicator" messages, were posted at the same hour, on the same day, by the Adjutant of their Territorial Battalion, 7th Manchesters, and delivered at the same time. Each envelope bore a 1½d. postage stamp, and the only difference, visible to the naked eye, was in the initials of the brothers. Now, why, in the name of common-sense, was one surcharged 1d. and the other not? N.B.—No prize offered.

A Peculiarly Particular Pill-Pounder.

Mister Kirkham, of New Milton, Hants, is a rustic poultice-peddler with great ideas of his own importance, whatever that may be, and however little visible to the naked eye. In advertising for an assistant, this chaw-bacon purveyor of jalap stigmatises a Corps which has a thrice honourable record, by saying "No R.A.M.C. man need apply." Whether he has had any experience of the Royal Army Medical Corps except standing on his doorstep watching them march by to the post of honour at the front we cannot say—but probably not.

Wrangling Over the Dead.

It seems almost unthinkable that bitter wrangling should take place over a memorial to the honoured dead, but that is what has apparently been going on at Margate, where, owing to a dispute with the Borough Council, the Church Council announce that they have felt compelled, "after six months of the most tortuous and irritating proceedings that could possibly be conceived," to abandon the scheme for building a lych gate a sa memorial to the men of the Margate parish who fell during the war. Surely these two bodies could reconcile their differences in the presence of the Great Sacrifice.

"Jerks" and Splinters.

"Swedish Jerks," whether imported or home grown, are quite a good thing in their way, and it is a pity certain L.C.C. school authorities do not try a course or two of the mental variety. Children too poor to possess rubber shoes have to perform in their stockinged feet. This is pretty hard on the stockings—which are dear enough now-a-days, but the wood blocks are none too smooth, and cases of splinters in the kiddies' feet are quite common. A neglected splinter from a floor which cannot be hygienically clean often spells blood-poisoning, and we suggest that the children, though poor, have a right to be protected from this avoidable danger.

Women to the Rescue?

The High Chief Ranger of the Ancient Order of Foresters has brought serious specific charges of neglect and inattention on the part of some of the panel doctors, alleging that they issue certificates without ever seeing the insured person or knowing whether he is alive or dead, pass patients on to hospitals and pocket the fee whether the man is ill or well, neglect to call on patients outside fixed surgery hours, and connive at malingering for fear patients should change their panels. However, Sir Alfred Mond has just stated that there are now 117 women physicians acting as panel doctors, so it is to be hoped they will attend to their jobs a little better than some of the men. It is just a chance—otherwise the panel system must go.

Are You One of the Many Millions of SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED Readers?

Cheeri', Cheltenham!

Thanks to a public-spirited member of the Cheltenham Town Council, an attempt to bar ex-Service men from putting in for the post of Caretaker at the Montpellier and Winter Gardens of that town has been nipped in the bud. Some of the Councillors, it appears, were anxious to instal an ex-P.C. who is already caretaker at a bank and enjoys, moreover, a first-class police pension. But the champion of the ex-Service men stuck to his guns—and, backed by a few other equally patriotic supporters, carried his point. More power to his elbow!

Oth-rwise the Empire would Perish

In certain parts of many Northern towns the ordinary "shop" is non-existent. The usual method is to display goods in the house-window. Experience of the law of these casual house-shopkeepers is apt to be rather sketchy. A woman in North Shields was summoned for keeping open during the prescribed half-holiday. She proved that she was entitled to be open, as hers was a "mixed" shop, certain articles being exempt. But because she did not exhibit a notice telling a nosey and useless Inspector this fact—which he already knew—she was fined 20s.

A Case for Flogging.

Because he had been splashed with some water, a hulking brute named Batchelor, a Smallborough labourer, using filthy language, started exercising his fists on a poor old widow, knocking her down and breaking a rib, and then turned his attention to her daughter—smashing her face about until she was covered with blood. Still thirsting for conquests, he next terrorised another helpless woman, and broke sixteen panes of glass. For this shocking exhibition of temper the North Walsham Bench imposed the inadequate punishment of two months' imprisonment. A few strokes of the cat would have been more appropriate.

A P-rson and his "Proputty."

The Vicar of Durrington had a small cottage in that village, and let it to some people at 4s. a week. It is true that neither the tenant nor his wife is a pattern of the domestic virtues, and they certainly owed the Vicar some rent. But they have four little children, the youngest not a year old. A little while ago the generous cleric had their few household goods put out on the road. After sleeping in a barn, the wife's father accommodated them on his kitchen floor. In what hole or hovel they are now sheltered the neighbours know not. After their experience of his 4s. cottage, the villagers may well ignore this parson's invitation to "mansions in the skies."

Soldier's Sons Barred.

It almost seems incredible that the sons of a soldier who fought and died for his country should be denied the benefits of a secondary school education because the tomfool regulations of the Ministry of Pensions render them ineligible for special grants. Yet to be told so bluntly is the bitter experience of a Chelford soldier's widow, who applied for such a grant. "My life has been blighted," she writes, "but why should my two children's? The Government have plenty of money to waste on foolish things, and they should be made to give my children a good sound education." They should, but to tell them so is as effective as pouring water on a duck's back.

His Lordship's Water.

Though some of the villagers of Biddestone, Wilts, have been unable to obtain any water for months, according to the assertion of a member of the Rural District Council, there is an agreement whereby the Hartham Park cottages and the stabling and gardens on Lord Islington's estate will have the first call on any available supply. This is pressing home the declaration that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, with a vengeance

Callous Motorists.

A reader who signs himself "A Humane Fool" asks us to use our influence to obtain a little better treatment of the public by motorists. He has good cause—for recently his daughter was knocked down by a car while cycling and left badly hurt by the roadside eight miles from her home, the hog affording no help, and subsequently writing him a callous letter stating: "It spoiled our trip"! "A little less selfishness and a little more of the spirit of the good Samaritan," says our correspondent, "are needed." If such experiences are at all common, we should say the sooner the better.

The P.M.G. Perplexed.

As might have been anticipated, the Postmaster-General is getting very worried over the failure of the 1½d. post-card rate to come up to his expectations in the way of revenue. Though no official admission is made of a slump, the P.M.G. is being bombarded daily with letters from the largest picture-postcard firms all over the country stating that the new rates mean a drop of anything from thirty to ninety per cent. on their sales, and, of course, the postal revenue must suffer accordingly. So it may not be long before that extra halfpenny is knocked off. It should never have been put on to embarrass the trading community.

Heartless Cruelty.

The Whitby Bench of eleven Magistrates, including a lady, last week inflicted a totally inadequate fine on a master mariner and his wife who were charged at the instance of the N.S.P.C.C. with disgraceful cruelty to a little girl of seven. Evidence was given that the poor mite was fed on bread and water and thrashed with a razor-strop by the stepmother, who said, "I hate the little devil!" It is not surprising that the heartless couple, on leaving the Court, had to be afforded police protection from a large hostile crowd, who would probably have had a better idea of making the punishment fit the crime. We seem to remember that a millstone and the sea were once alluded to in connection with offences against these little ones.

Who's for a Thousand Pounds?

Summer and the holidays are drawing to a close and the prospect of winter is before us. The more reason why JOHN BULL readers should take advantage of the recreation provided by our "Bullets" Competition, which helps to retain the holiday spirit and to distract the mind from the worries and anxieties incidental to modern life. We are again offering a First Prize of £1,000, which is within the reach of all who care to devote a little thought to the construction of a witty, ingenious or topical sentence.

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THE DESPOTISM OF THE DOCTORS.

GLARING DEFECTS IN HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT THAT TIE UP THE PUBLIC PURSE STRINGS.

By CHARLES W. PILLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

THE announcement that the Government intends to donate £500,000 of the taxpayers' money towards the funds of the voluntary hospitals raises several important questions of principle that call for candid examination. Broadly, my contention is that the manner in which the leading hospitals are at present conducted is open to serious criticism, and that before this huge grant of public money is sanctioned there should be a thorough overhauling of the existing system designed to remove outstanding grievances and to eliminate the ugly suspicions that are beginning to obsess the public mind. Perhaps the most objectionable feature is the wretched "pauper" taint that attaches to present-day hospital treatment and robs it of half its value in the case of sensitive patients or those who, through sheer misfortune, are forced to avail themselves of its aid. In this respect there is very little to choose between the average voluntary hospital and the Poor Law Infirmary. There is not a reader who has had experience of the larger hospitals who will not recognise what I mean when I speak of the attitude of contemptuous officialism that pervades these great establishments, robbing patients of their self-respect and freezing their very souls with the chill grip of charity. These things ought not to be. They are a by-product of the system that makes the hospitals the happy hunting ground of the medical profession and denies to the lay public, who provide the money, an effective share in their management. If the proposed State subsidy is simply to stereotype this arrangement and close every avenue of redress, it should be strongly opposed in the House of Commons by the Labour Party and all who have at heart the interests of the poor.

THE MEDICAL STRANGLEHOLD.

My own firm view is that, before a penny of public money is granted, there should be a searching investigation into the whole conduct of the voluntary hospitals, carried out by a well-chosen Committee of Inquiry, upon which not a single medical man should be allowed to sit. The Cave Commission barely touched the fringe of the problem. Before such a body, the doctors would appear as witnesses and give such evidence as might be needed to enable the Committee to arrive at sound conclusions. The occasion is one for plain speaking, and I make no apology for emphasising certain aspects of the problem which are too often excluded from the pale of discussion. It is not difficult to see why the medical faculty value their hold upon the hospitals, or for what reasons they decline without a struggle to surrender their despotic authority into the hands of the State. The hospital is the training ground of the aspiring medico who some day will be drawing fat fees in Harley Street. It is here that the young surgeon finds the "clinical material"—this is the expression officially employed—upon which he may practise the operations whose deft performance means so much to his future career.

PATIENTS MUST COME FIRST.

These things are not often mentioned. As regards the Press in general, the policy of "hush" prevails. Whenever a scandal occurs—when, for instance, a patient dies unexpectedly under some novel form of treatment or succumbs prematurely through neglect—the cast-iron "etiquette" of the medical profession intervenes to defend the culprit and repel lay criticism. Only very occasionally can a doctor be persuaded to make admissions that would damage a professional associate or detract in the smallest degree from the supposed virtues of the hospital system. Indeed, the whole gravamen of my charge is that the hospitals, as at present conducted, are a "vested interest" in the hands of the medical profession, the full weight of whose influence is exerted to oppose reform and to perpetuate a régime which admirably suits the technical purposes they have mainly in view. In the scheme of professional training, the "pauper" patient occupies a central position. The object of charity has no "rights" to impede the path of professional research. In most cases he is entirely ignorant of medical matters, and any curiosity in regard to the handling of his own body by those around him is likely to be severely checked as a profane intrusion into the sacred mysteries. The doctors, resident and visiting, reign supreme. The medical students are their respectful satellites. The administrative officials are content if they can keep their places—matrons enjoy comfortable, well-paid posts, while the sisters and nurses, scandalously underpaid and overworked, and treated with hardly less disdain than the patients, count for next to nothing in the bureaucratic scheme. Thus the iron ring is complete. If a mere outsider ventures to suggest that perhaps this compact family organisation takes too little account of the interests of the patients, which should be the paramount consideration, he is likely, if a person of any influence, to be approached by the high and mighty potentates of the hospital world with the whispered suggestion that the least said is the soonest mended, and, after all, "where would the poor things go if there were no hospitals?" Such trifling merely begs the question. It should be the easiest thing in the world to safeguard the patients' interests—to place them first instead of last in the scale—without detriment to the legitimate claims of the medical profession. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether these vast institutions, encrusted with tradition, will ever reform themselves from the inside.

REAL CONTROL.

The days of the voluntary hospital as a close corporation under despotic medical rule are numbered. Already the nation is alive to the necessity for a radical alteration in the treatment of the sick poor. There is a growing demand that the doctors who enjoy the advantages of hospital experience should be, not the masters of these institutions, but the servants of the public who support them. In any scheme of reform means must be found to preserve the patient's self-respect, to protect him from all forms of professional exploitation, and to ensure that courtesy and consideration shall go hand in hand with skilled medical assistance. To sum the whole thing up, if the taxpayer is to donate £500,000 towards the support of the voluntary hospitals, then the public, who find the money, and not the medical profession, who reap a large share of the benefit, must have the main control—not necessarily through the cumbrous machinery of State management, but effectively none the less. The way to save the voluntary system is to do away with the despotism of the doctors and restore public confidence through efficient lay control.

BUSINESS AND THE BOCHE.

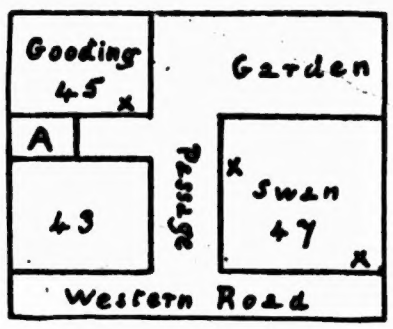
AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE AND A PRACTICAL LESSON

One would have thought that the Britisher's experiences of the Boche during the war would have taught a lesson, but apparently there are still some in this country sufficiently unsophisticated to resume business dealings with Hunland. A reader obtained from a firm of foreign stamp merchants in Germany some sheets of stamps to dispose of. After having the goods in his possession a fortnight, advertising them and sending them out on "appro.," he found himself deficient in pocket to the tune of 14s. 4d. He acquainted the Boche firm of this, and was at once ordered to return the stamps or their equivalent in cash. As they are all out for sale he is unable to comply with this request. Meanwhile the Boches are threatening him with all sorts of pains and penalties, including a complaint to Scotland Yard! He seeks our advice. It is to get the unsold goods back as quickly as possible and return them, together with any cash due from sales, and then forswear dealings with the Boche for ever. If people will do business with such barbarians they must be prepared to take the consequences. The obvious moral is to trade with British firms.

THE GOODING CASE.

INTERESTING PLAN OF THE TWO COTTAGES.

Mrs. Gooding, we are pleased to say, has now been awarded a sum of £250 as compensation for imprisonment for offences of which she has been held to be innocent. We hope to deal further with this amazing case next week, but in the meantime we are publishing a diagram showing the exact position of the cottages occupied by Mrs. Gooding and her accuser, Miss Swan. The crosses indicate the doors of the premises, and the letter A shows the position of Miss Swan's wash-house. It will be readily seen in what close proximity the two households lived, and how easy it was for the various conversations to be overheard.



HAMPSHIRE POLICE HANDICAPPED.

ROBERT THE VICTIM OF AN EXAM. FARCE.

W. S. Gilbert, in his witty way, has told us that "the policeman's lot is not a happy one," and certain members of the force in Hampshire have come to the same conclusion. It seems that under the Police Regulations, 1920, constables seeking for promotion to the rank of sergeant are required to sit for examination. At a test held recently there were twelve candidates, several being "plucked." But here is the crux of the matter. All the men who failed had actually complied with Regulation 27, which provides that "No constable shall be promoted to sergeant unless he has passed an examination on educational subjects and an examination in police duties, and the latter examination has been passed during the preceding five years." As a matter of fact, in most cases these men had passed within three years, and why they should have been asked to sit again is one of those inexplicable mysteries which, to quote Lord Dundreary, "no fellah can understand." The men who find their way to promotion barred cannot anyway, and consequently there is much heartburning among them.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED puts the Sun in Sunday.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL!

FATE OF MAN TOO POOR TO PAY POOR RATE.

If you happen to be unemployed and struggling to keep a roof over your head in Norwich, look out! For the rating authorities appear to be destitute of both sense and humanity, and it may be your turn next to share the fate of one of its citizens whose case we have investigated. Some four years ago this man, with a wife and two children to support, discovered and entered into possession of a house with a rental suited to his means. Like most of us, however, he did not anticipate the recent upward soar of local rates, and when at last these resulted in considerably more than doubling his rent, he sometimes found the task of meeting them a difficult one. But he managed to carry on. Then came the trade depression—and he was one of the victims. Thrown out of work, he contrived to eke out a bare living for himself and his family by letting unfurnished every available space in his house, hoping thus to weather through until the tide turned. But he had reckoned without the Norwich rate-collector. It seems that many others besides himself happened to be unemployed, and that consequently the authorities found it necessary to levy an exceptionally heavy Poor Rate for their relief. This rate the poor fellow found himself unable to pay.

Hundreds Summoned.

But—despite the fact that he himself was one of those to whom, presumably, the benefits of the rate were to apply—he was in January last summoned, with some hundreds of others in like position, and ordered to pay forthwith. In the circumstances the order itself can only be characterised as lunacy. The total amount due was £4 6s. 8d., and somehow or other the debtor had managed to find £1 of it by March, at the same time undertaking to pay the balance as and when he could. In June came a second summons, and although they had full knowledge of the facts three wise Magistrates signed an Order for prison committal. Shortly afterwards, the man scraped together an additional ten shillings. This was accepted and a receipt given.

Scurvy Treatment.

He naturally thought in view of these facts that everything might still be well, and his surprise can better be imagined than described when one fine morning an Inspector of Police called, returned to him the instalments already paid, and drove him there and then to the Guildhall and the cells. For seven days he endured the lot of the common felon and was compelled to submit to all the degrading indignities of prison life. On the morning of his release he could not even obtain the courtesy of a shave, and was forced to walk home with a week's growth of beard on his chin, presumably that the brand of "justice" might be evident as a warning to others! This was not a conscientious objector. Nor was it the common case of running up luxurious debts by carelessness or extravagance. It was the case of an unemployed man whose sole crime was that he could not pay an exceptionally heavy lump sum towards the relief of others in his own position! Hundreds of others have been unable to meet this rate. Apart altogether from the scurvy nature of the authorities' action, there is something seriously amiss in an administration which first permits a Committal Order to be granted against an unemployed man, then accepts part payment, actually endorsing the Demand Note to that effect, and finally, on one and the same day, forces the man to take back this sum and lodges him in gaol as a defaulter for the whole amount due. In self-defence we advise the ratepayers of Norwich to demand a full explanation and if, as a result, somebody's knuckles are well rapped—so much the better.

COWARDS IN THE CAMP.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF WEST RIDING SOLDIERS.

We must profess the greatest sympathy with the Officer Commanding the 5th West Riding Regiment, stationed at Whitby—for in spite of his every endeavour to ensure a high standard of character in the men taken into his battalion, he seems to have some pretty cowards under his command. Four of his bandsmen were taking an airing on the pier just before eleven on a recent Sunday night, when seven other soldiers of the same regiment came along, and after badinage which developed into a brawl, a drummer named Crimes was knocked or pushed over the railing into the harbour and drowned. The bandsmen say that a lance-corporal, six feet high, rushed at Crimes and struck him a violent blow in the face, knocking him backwards into the harbour, a version of the affair which is somewhat corroborated by the doctor who made the post-mortem examination, and found marks on the mouth which, from his knowledge of boxing, he judged to have been caused by a heavy blow from a fist. A civilian witness, however, declared that he saw two men rush at the bandsman and deliberately lift him on to the railings. However that may be, there are ten men in the West Riding Regiment who know more about this terrible tragedy than they care to tell. In view of the verdict that Crimes was drowned as the result of being knocked into the harbour by some person or persons unknown, and that these persons had feloniously killed him, these men are apparently withholding the truth in order to save one or more of their number from the consequences; but however admirable it may be to refuse to "peach on a pal" in a case of minor offence, when it comes to murder it is everyone's duty to speak out. Until someone does so all of them must rest under the suspicion of being cowardly murderers—which is not a nice reputation for any battalion.

WAKEFORD'S FUTURE PLANS.

INTERESTING ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT MONTH.

Owing to the widespread interest aroused by the remarkable meeting at Queen's Hall on July 28th, presided over by Mr. W. Charles Pilley, it has been arranged that ex-Archdeacon John Wakeford shall address a series of monster meetings throughout the country, at all of which the "Girl in the Cathedral" will be present, and the following dates have been fixed:—

Sept.	1—Ipswich	Sept.	16—Winchester.
„	2—Clacton.	„	17—Guildford.
„	3—Southend.	„	19—Shrewsbury.
„	5—Herne Bay.	„	20—Wolverhampton.
„	6—Margate.	„	21—Birmingham.
„	7—Ramsgate.	„	22—Leamington.
„	8—Dover.	„	23—Banbury.
„	9—Folkestone.	„	24—Oxford.
„	10—Redhill.	„	26—Cromer.
„	12—Eastbourne.	„	27—Norwich.
„	13—Portsmouth.	„	28—BuryS.Edmunds.
„	14—Southampton.	„	29—Cambridge.
„	15—Bournemouth.	„	30—Bedford.

Perhaps the most interesting fact, however, is that Mr. Wakeford will conduct special services, morning and evening, on each of the four Sundays in September, in the West-end of London, at a place to be announced. Anyone who would care to render assistance in connection with any of these meetings or services is invited to communicate with the Chief Commissioner, John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. The film presented by Messrs. Gaumont, Limited, "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case"—and from the exhibition of which our "Greatest of These" Fund will benefit—is still being shown to crowded audiences all over the kingdom. We hope shortly to give a list of these cinemas.

A RECENT PHOTO OF

EDWARD ASTON,

"BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN."

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Heavy Weight Champion British Empire.
Middle Weight Champion of the World.

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Thirty Thousand Pupils have thanked me during years for what it has been my pleasure to do for them, and I have received whole-hearted recognition from such well-known authorities as Dr. Dale, Dr. Lee, John Marks, Hackenschmidt, Apollo and Madrali.

If you have HEALTH, value it and obtain the reserve of energy by mental control so necessary in present-day life.

If you are in INDIFFERENT HEALTH, such as Chest and Lung Weakness, Constipation, Indigestion, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Lack of Vitality, Obesity, Neurasthenia, Rheumatism, write for my booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

If you require GREAT STRENGTH, a good development, weight increased, or have a rupture or curvature weakness, write to me at once for my Confidential Advice.

Edward Aston

31, St. Paul's Chambers Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.

Sir,—Please send me gratis a copy of your Booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

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ADDRESS .....

THE ANGUISH OF A HERO.

CANADIAN EX-SOLDIER RECEIVES LONG-DELAYED GRANT ON THE MORNING OF HIS DEATH.

WHEN it is a question of thankfulness to the men who during the black years resisted the German terror, we draw no distinction between our own brave troops and the gallant forces of the Overseas Dominions. All alike have won the right to grateful regard at the hands of the British Government and to the generous relief of disabilities incurred on active service. Frequently we have castigated the Ministry of Pensions for the neglect of war heroes who, after years of faithful service, have been left to the cold comfort of charity and, through the blunders of officialdom, baulked of the reward that was justly theirs. We are now confronted with a culminating instance of official neglect so terrible in its consequences as to stir the most sluggish spirit to indignant protest. The victim, alas! is beyond the reach of human sympathy. As truly as any man who died in the face of the enemy, Albert Churchley gave his life for his King and Country—sacrificed his all for an Empire which valued his devotion so meanly as to forsake him in his last extremity, leaving him to taste the worst agonies of privation and neglect.

A Fruitless Appeal.

In the early days of the war Churchley, who was to prove himself a first-class fighting man, joined up as a private in the Canadian Forces. Upon his discharge, he determined to settle in England, and expended his gratuity in fitting out a small holding, from which, having some previous experience of farming, he hoped to extract a living. Unfortunately, however, he developed a serious internal malady which his local doctor certified to be the result of exposure in the trenches. Discovering his sad condition, the South Benfleet Branch of the Comrades of the Great War reported the facts to the local Secretary of the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, Mr. Alec Steele, J.P., requesting him to interest himself on Churchley's behalf, and if possible to make him a grant from the charitable funds at the Society's disposal. It is to be assumed that the Society had every sympathy with the ex-Canadian trooper, and that only the pressure of official duties prevented them from handling the matter in a more humane spirit. The actual record of the case, however, is tainted with culpable neglect. After weeks of waiting the only response to the appeal of the "Comrades" on behalf of an ex-soldier in the grip of poverty and disease was a curt note from the Secretary of the Pensions Committee directing Churchley to report himself at Westcliff for re-examination by the Medical Referee.

Dual Responsibility.

From this point, the Pensions Authority and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society must be held jointly responsible for a scandal that was to culminate in bitter tragedy. Of the conduct of the case by the Society we desire to speak in terms of restraint. To say the least, they seem to have behaved towards the "Comrades," who were doing their level best for the sick man, with the most flagrant discourtesy, ignoring the Branch Secretary's repeated letters and failing apparently to realise the urgency of the situation. Lying dangerously ill, it was out of the question for Churchley to attend before the Medical Referee. The urgent need was for prompt financial assistance, and if the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society had taken the trouble to investigate the case properly they could hardly have failed to recognise the desperate need of the sick man and his family. What they actually did, it appears, was to copy the worst traditions and ape the most stupid methods of the bureaucratic *régime*. While Churchley lay dying, without even the means of procuring the commonest medical requirements, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society conferred in a cool official manner with the Pensions Authority, who in their turn reported the facts to the Canadian Government. For a whole month after the "Comrades" first appeal, in which the Branch Secretary emphasised the fact that at any moment "the man might starve or die through lack of proper attention," nothing practical was done. Not a penny of assistance, not an ounce of sympathy, not a line of acknowledgment! As late as May 22nd last, the "Comrades" were writing both to the Pensions Authority and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, pointing out that unless money were forthcoming for his immediate necessities Churchley would in all likelihood pass beyond the reach of human aid. Yet note this amazing fact. It has since transpired that as early as May 6th—more than a fortnight before—the Canadian Authorities in London had instructed Colchester War Pensions Committee to make arrangements for the proper medical care of the dying man. Whose was this tragic blunder? Who took the grave responsibility of hesitation and postponement in a situation where a moment's delay might be fatal? We ask this question of Mr. Alec Steele, J.P. We ask it of Mr. John Cooper, the Secretary of the District Pensions Committee. Still we must be fair. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society did make a belated effort to live up to their name. On May 25th—after weeks of cruel inactivity—they finally allowed their generous impulses to prevail, and sent Churchley a cheque for £3 to cover his immediate necessities. The poor fellow said "Thank you"—and died.

The Society's Reply.

Died "like a dog," in a land that boasts its gratitude to the men who saved it from the hell of German hate! The full facts have since been reported to Major-General Sir Bertram Boyce, K.C., M.G., General Secretary of the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, who, now that poor Churchley is dead, is anxious, above all things, that no one shall say a harsh word of their organisation. Because in a bitter letter of protest the Branch Secretary of the Comrades of the Great War refers to the "scandalous methods" of the Society's local representatives, Sir Bertram is up in arms and even hints at legal proceedings. The letter which contains this piece of sickening bluff is notable for the absence of any expression of sympathy with the widow of the dead hero, or of regret for a blunder that must take its place with the worst episodes in the long chapter of "soullessness" which is the record of our dealings with the men who gave their all that the Empire might be free.

MEAN METHODIST METHODS.

MINISTER'S WIDOW IN SAD STRAITS.

The widow of a Methodist minister has a sad story to tell. All the time her husband was in the ministry—about 30 years—he contributed £7 per annum to a superannuation fund, out of a none too munificent salary of £120 a year, and her present allowance from that fund would appear to be about £9 12s. 6d. per quarter. Formerly they had a manse to live in, but when the husband died the widow had to vacate it. It was then that the Methodist Connexion showed its liberality by granting the widow of its faithful servant ten pounds wherewith to furnish a new home. Ten pounds! They must have thought she wanted to furnish a palace! Ever since then things have gone wrong, and among her other troubles she has a son out of work. In regard to her husband, they passed this resolution: "He was a preacher of real power and with a fervour that sprang from a real experience; he rejoiced to proclaim the message of salvation, and it was his privilege to lead many into the light. To save souls was indeed his master passion." Having admitted that much, the least they can do is to save and adequately sustain the *bodies* of the "widow and fatherless" who mourn his loss.

COSTLY MILK.

GIGANTIC OPERATIONS OF A DAIRY TRUST.

We advise Public, Press and Parliament to keep a watchful eye on the spreading tentacles of United Dairies, Limited, for its ambitious programme, already largely realised, is not without the possibility of serious menace to the country. It is not generally known that this Company, registered in 1915, has acquired a controlling interest in no fewer than 52 dairy concerns—comprising the principal milk-distributing agencies in the Kingdom. Furthermore, a Mr. R. R. Butler is a Director of all of them, and Chairman of the majority of them. In other words a gigantic trust has cornered one of the essentials of the people's existence. At this juncture we have no intention of passing judgment on the move. We keep an open mind and shall be influenced by results. It will, of course, be obvious that United Dairies has not been called into being as a philanthropic institution but as a business concern. There are exceptions to the economic usefulness of free competition, which is sometimes wasteful. The experience of the war has taught us the possibilities of effective organisation. The whole point at issue is: What is going to give the public the purest and cheapest butter and milk?

A PROMISCUOUS PUBLISHER.

WOULD-BE AUTHORS BRAZENLY BAMBOOZLED.

The shady, unbusinesslike methods of Henry J. Drane, self-styled "Publisher," of 82A, Farringdon Street, have been frequently criticised in these columns. One of the latest cases concerns a South Wales reader who, as far back as 1915, was gulled into paying £30 towards the immediate publication of a novel—which, however, despite the long interval, has not yet seen the light of day! "Your book will be ready some time in February next," wrote the non-publisher on 26th November, 1915, "may be sooner, but I fear not." Two years later he audaciously pleaded that he had purposely kept back publication, "nothing but the work of well-known writers having found a market for a long time." This generous communication concluded with the words: "In not pushing your work forward, I feel that I have been studying your interests." Thus, minus his £30, and a small fortune spent in postage stamps, another distressed author still vainly strives to obtain some sort of satisfaction from a man who, shifty in the extreme, feeds his clients with lying excuses and empty promises. In response to a final request for the return of the money, Drane recently wrote a letter condemning the coal strike as the cause of all the delay!

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the Super Sunday Picture Paper.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities)

To Cosmo Bonsor, Esq., Chairman, Messrs. Watney, Combe, Reid and Co., Ltd.

DEAR MR. BONSOR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the very sensible remarks on Licensing matters you made at your firm's annual meeting. It is, as you said, surprising that politicians should pay so much attention to the small but noisy minority with a conscience, who, because they cannot enjoy their own refreshment seek to deny the privilege of liberty to those who do. I am also with you in believing that it will not be long before the British public demands freedom as regards what they will eat and drink, and the hours when they can conveniently enjoy it. I am doing my bit to bring that happy state of affairs to pass, and I am sure you are doing yours. Here's your jolly good health! JOHN BULL.

To John R. Davison, Beccles.

CONTEMPTIBLE CAD,—You may claim to be well-connected, but your conduct is that of a beast. Driving along a lonely road in your motor-car, you pulled up beside a lady on the pretext of inquiring your way, and then, alighting, proceeded to thrash her little dog with a cane. As this apparently did not satisfy your pagan lust for inflicting pain, you raised the lady's skirt and commenced to chastise her, tearing off in your car like a coward when her screams brought assistance. Your craven disposition was further shown when you attempted to plead an impossible alibi. You have been committed to prison for two months, but it seems to me you should change your permanent address from Beccles to Broadmoor. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Clifford Parker, Relieving Officer, Ware.

DEAR POOH BAH,—You must certainly be as busy as a one-armed bill-sticker in a gale of wind! For thirteen long years you have dried the tears of the clients of a large firm of solicitors. For five of these strenuous years you have also done the clerical work of Boards of Guardians, a Rural District Council, a Joint Hospital Board, Education Sub-Committees, and a Bench of Magistrates. In addition, you are a Deputy Superintendent-Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths, and Vaccination Officer. It must be pure jealousy that you were passed over for the jobs of Policeman and Town Crier. But I see you have managed to land another spare-time billet, having just been appointed Relieving Officer. With so many out-of-work ex-soldiers, I suggest the first act in your new capacity should be relieving yourself of a few of these positions. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Arthur, late M.O.H., Easington, Northumberland.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I see you have been hitting out pretty freely on your retirement from the post of Medical Officer to the Easington Rural District Council. In your final report you allude to the progress which has been made, and add: "This should have been greater but for the retarding influence of the windbags, a small gang who, outside communal interest, have generally an axe to grind—private interest, personal spite, or, it may be, simply vanity." This is the sort of plain speaking I like, but I hope the "more vain and less literate members of the Council" against whom your strictures are directed won't take it out of your successor. But he will be forewarned. JOHN BULL.

To John D Rockefeller, Esq., New Jersey, U.S.A.

DEAR JAWN,—When I saw a headline "Rockefeller's Poverty," and read that you have been giving your millions away, I thought perhaps—in view of your having passed the allotted span—you had recollected the scriptural reference to rich men, and were feeling a little uneasy lest you should look rather like a large camel when you approached the Golden Gates. I find, however, that the £37,500,000 of Standard Oil Company stock of which you have dispossessed yourself has merely been transferred to relatives and institutions bearing your name, with the object of dodging the Death Duties. I don't think you will get much credit for it hereafter. How do you explain to your Bible class this tricky avoidance of the laws of God's Own Country? JOHN BULL.

To Edward Griffel, Somewhere in Hunland.

YOUNG HUN,—For a mere stripling of sixteen, you certainly displayed an amount of assurance during your recent visit to London which could not be found in anyone except of your beastly arrogant breed. Your father put you on a steamer at Hamburg with a pound in your pocket, and a bundle on your back, and told you to make a lot of money. On arrival here the misguided people who gave you hospitality found you sitting at midnight on the bedroom window-sill, dangling your bare legs over the edge, and when they tried to give you work you showed such a preference for fighting other office boys that the police had to take charge of you. When you heard you were to be deported, you declared your intention to come back again. Take my advice and don't—or you may find a few young bull-dogs waiting to shake the conceit out of your square head. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Cunningham, King's Prize Winner.

DEAR MR. CUNNINGHAM,—Allow me to congratulate you on having at your time of life won the highest honour in the rifle shooting world. I note that you have been a rifle shot for thirty-five years, and have taken your glass of beer or two and your nip of whisky whenever you desired it, and it has proved of the greatest assistance in years gone by, and especially this year at Bisley, when you found it the more necessary owing to the strenuous work and the great heat. I am not surprised that you know hundreds of marksmen, and scarcely any of them are teetotal. The average pale-faced pumpuritan is as afraid of the sound of a gun as he is of the kick in a drink.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Town Council, Taunton.

SIR,—I have it, on the authority of an up-to-date gazetteer, that Taunton is the County Town of Somerset. But a visitor might easily mistake it for a village that the march of progress had passed by unnoticed, so far as public means of transport are concerned. In your ancient borough not a tram disturbs the sleepy calm, no 'bus obtrudes its swift if smelly self upon the dozing City Fathers in their cloistered meditation. But this is the 20th century. The citizens can no longer stroll or dally in their daily business. Some means of getting in and out, about and around, the County Town is badly needed. Awake! Get a move on!! Put some pep into it!!! And, to make a start, I know where there are a couple of sedan shairs going cheap. JOHN BULL.

To Farmer Skinner, Markshall, Norfolk.

SKINFLINT,—I doubt whether you are capable of feeling shame yourself, but I am pretty certain every decent agriculturist must feel ashamed of you. While a youth of sixteen employed by you was engaged in the harvest field, he chased after a rabbit, and was holding it when your son aimed a blow with a stick which accidentally struck him on the thumb, bursting the flesh under the nail. The poor lad died in hospital a few days later from lockjaw, and it transpired at the inquest that you had stopped the boy's wages from the first day he was unable to work after receiving the fatal blow. The coroner very properly remarked that he considered it very inhuman of you, but you blusteringly attempted to defend your conduct, saying you employed the lad to do certain work and he had no business to leave his job to go after a rabbit. Pah! You disgust me. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Austen, the Coalition dude,
Takes up a haughty attitude;
He seems to think the Government
Are to be *praised* for what they've spent!

Now Russia's in the grip of woe
The Bolshevist doth colder blow:
He asks us to forget his crimes
And help him—as in olden times.

The Premier, because he fears
He's lost our trust, dissolves in tears:
But to console him there is one—
The artful—*shush!*—the artless Hun!

The price of coal remains so high
That most folk can't afford to buy;
So where the retail profit is
We fail to see—since there's no biz.!

Three Pages of Sport and Pictures in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

PAUL PRYS IN TH

Costly Follies of Ministry of Health—Inspection M

By THE EDIT

THE once proud boast that an Englishman's home is his castle is in danger of being forgotten in this bureaucratic age. The old-fashioned principle that it is the business of the State to maintain law and order and, for the rest, to leave people to manage their lives and order their households in their own way, has been replaced by a set of semi-Socialistic theories under which adult citizens are treated as children and the Government becomes the grandmother of us all. Upon countless occasions I have protested against the constant encroachment of the State upon the normal liberties of the people, and I feel very strongly that the time has come to focus once again public attention upon a danger that threatens to undermine the traditional independence of the Briton. The prime offender to-day is the Ministry of Health, whose officials are permitted, under innumerable statutory regulations, to enter the people's homes, pry into the inmost recesses of domestic privacy, and make themselves a general nuisance to a vast section of the population. I need hardly add that it is mainly, if not entirely, the poorer classes who are made the victims of these unwelcome visitations. The vigilant Government Inspector, whose uniformed figure is to be descried in almost every street of the working-class suburbs, is seldom, if ever, encountered in the sheltered residential quarters of the West End. In South Kensington, for instance, or the sacred purlieus of Mayfair. Oh, dear, no! That would never do! My excellent friend, Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., will take good care that none of his neighbours in Lowndes Square is troubled with impertinent enquiries as to what he ate for breakfast, where he intends to spend his holidays, or what thickness of flannel his children wear next their skin. These impudent enquiries, backed by the whole strength of officialdom, are reserved for persons of modest means, who, because they have to earn their livings by the sweat of their brow and often to toil for hours for a slender pittance, are assumed, apparently, to have no pride in their homes, no love for their children and no disposition to behave as decent citizens. This assumption, as false as it is insolent, the great mass of the public are beginning to resent.

The Scope of the Evil.

And no wonder! I am a peaceable man, more than ordinarily adept at "the soft answer which turneth away wrath"; but if a uniformed Inspector, armed with no matter what sanction from a Government Department, came nosing round my house and asking me all sorts of questions on matters of purely domestic concern, I am afraid he would depart with what is vulgarly known as a "flea in his ear." My whole manhood would rise in protest against the prying intrusion of the State into family matters and other concerns of a wholly private and intimate nature. Moreover, I strongly hold that what is sauce for the well-to-do goose is sauce for the humble gander, and I will be no party to the doctrine that because a man is poor he must put up with anything that comes along in the way of Government impertinence. I doubt if the full extent of this evil is realised by the general public. I have before me a list of no fewer than nineteen official Nosey Parkers who, under Statutory authority, are entitled at any time, personally or by their representatives, to enter a working man's home and make themselves free of his private affairs. Here they are:

Health Visitor	School Medical Officer
Ante-Natal Visitor	Relieving Officer
School Nurse	District Nurse
Care Committee Visitor	Infant Protection Visitor
After-Care Committee Visitor	Inspector of Midwives
Sanitary Inspector	Mental Deficiency Visitor
Lady Sanitary Inspector	Milk Inspector
Medical Officer of Health	National Health Insurance Officer
Tuberculosis Officer	
Borough Surveyor	Infant Welfare Visitor

I shall be told, no doubt, that every one of these officials has important duties to perform, and that if it is not quite convenient for working class households to have them straying in and out like old friends of the family it is nevertheless "all for their good," and they must put up with it. I will deal with this argument, although I still insist that, if such methods are employed at all, they should be applied equally all round, so as to give the "ruling classes" a taste of their own medicine. It is not so much the formal duties of this army of Inspectors as their high-handed methods which excite the indignation of those who are supposed to benefit by the grandmotherly attentions of the State. Let me cite one or two examples—for the details of which, after due enquiry, I can personally vouch. A housewife in a South London suburb happened to mention to her neighbours that she had seen a rat in her kitchen. Before nightfall a dozen Inspectors of one kind or another besieged her door. In no single case was any preliminary appointment made, nor did any one of these zealous officials stay to consider whether his visit was conveniently timed, having regard to the much occupied wife and mother. First of all, the Medical Officer of Health, by a deputy, desired if possible to catch a glimpse of the intruding rodent, in case it might by any chance be carrying the germs of a disease against which it was his official duty to take suitable precautionary measures. In the next place, the Sanitary Inspector, accompanied by a lady colleague, desired, just as the family was sitting down to dinner, to satisfy himself as to the state of the drains, it having been officially noted that the presence of rats was frequently associated with defective sanitation. Before the day was out this glaring example of the rat menace had apparently reached the ears of the troop of officials who care for the needs of children, several of whom made it their business to pay the stricken household a friendly visit—for fear, I suppose, that by some evil mischance the teeth of the possibly infected rat might find their way to little Willie's innocent calf! So much for the lighter side of what is really an intolerable nuisance; but frequently the evil assumes a more sinister shape. I have received a quantity of protests from respectable married women who complain that at certain periods of their lives

NOTICE TO

"See here, Mister Nosey Parker, if the *Men* wo[rk]

THE PUBLIC PAY.

...on Mania—Long-Nosed Officialdom Rampant.

EDITOR.

they are unmercifully pestered by the attentions of all sorts of officials who, in the zealous discharge of the duties laid upon them by the Ministry of Health, fling delicacy to the winds and pry without reserve into matters which no decent woman cares to discuss except with her most intimate friends. From the evidence in my possession, I have no hesitation in saying that in many instances the "Ante-Natal Visitor" is a person utterly unfitted for her extremely delicate duties—which, in my opinion, ought to be undertaken only in response to a definite request from a prospective mother who may desire help or advice in the face of her future ordeal. I wonder what a fashionable lady in the West End would have to say if one of these fine mornings a uniformed nurse knocked at her door to say that she had heard from the Borough Council, or some other mysterious source, that a baby was expected, and that she proposed to step inside and ask a few questions about it. If official advice is desired, by all means let it be given; but it is an impertinence which assumes that a working-class woman is necessarily unfit to bring a child into the world and superintend its infant welfare without the fussy intervention of a more or less competent "Visitor" from the Town Hall. It is much the same with growing children, who in these days may be forgiven if they regard their fathers and mothers only as a species of foster parents, subject to the over-riding authority of "the man in the peaked cap." What with School Attendance Officers, Infant Welfare Inspectors, Infant Protection Visitors, and the rest, the child's life is scarcely its own or its parents'—while in many cases, and on the most trifling pretexts, parental rights are entirely usurped and the ugly stepmother of officialdom is invested with plenary authority.

TO QUIT.

kick you out, at the next Election WE WILL!"

In this respect the Ministry of Health are not by any means the only or the worst offenders. Again let me give one or two examples, the first taken from the annals of the Education Department, which reek with instances of gross official tyranny. Only the other day I heard of the case of a little girl, extremely happy at the school she had been attending for four or five years, who simply because she was a little short sighted—an oculist had certified that there was no serious defect of vision—was hurried off by the School Medical Officer to a "special school" at the other side of London, where she was to be "educated" in the depressing company of a number of children who were wholly or partially blind. From time to time unfortunate youngsters, who may be just as bright as their fellows at anything outside the stereotyped lessons of the elementary school curriculum, are subjected to special examination tests, some of them of such a deliberately puzzling nature that I question whether the average Eton or Harrow boy would survive the ordeal. Unless a child can successfully pick his way through a neat little set of geometrical problems, or summarise in clear and expressive language the sense of a paragraph read to him, he is considered to be a congenital idiot who ought without delay to be sent off to one of the "special" schools which exist not only for the blind and deaf, but for the "mentally deficient." The whole thing is a wicked and wanton invasion of personal liberty, none the less serious because it is applied only to the men and women of the next generation.

Child Baiting.

I might quote numerous examples of this vicious system of bureaucratic tyranny which afflicts the child population. I have the case of a little girl who capped a series of historical errors, of which I dare say many Members of Parliament would be equally capable, by asserting, with a degree of assurance that defied contradiction, that Queen Victoria was the mother of King George—for which act of unintentional discourtesy to the immediate progenitors of our present sovereign she was packed off to a special dunces' school—where she promptly showed her intelligence by escaping through a window! With rare enterprise, she used her liberty to obtain a situation in a neighbouring hotel, but was recognised by some lynx-eyed official and dragged back to school—although beyond the age when "education," as we miscall it, is compulsory for normal children. It may be all very nice for well affected persons to wash dishes in a hotel scullery; but if a girl of fifteen does not know who King George's mother was, she must be shut up till she does. Still more inhuman and callous is the wretched Industrial School system, under which grave scandals are of daily occurrence—while latterly certain Boards of Guardians have taken it upon themselves to emulate the legalised brutalities of the Home Office. For instance, there was the case of a poor woman at Barking whose children, while their brutal father was serving a term of imprisonment, became chargeable to the Romford Board. The mother, urged on by dire necessity, had found employment as a general servant, never missing her weekly visit to the children, to whom she was devotedly attached. This went on for several months, when suddenly the Clerk to the Guardians casually informed the unhappy woman that the little ones had been "adopted"—which meant, if you please, that they had been boarded out with strangers, and would be divorced from their mother's constant affection till they reached the age of eighteen years. I have said nothing about the enormous cost in money of this despotic system, preferring to emphasize the human factor; but it need not be forgotten that the Ministry of Health, under whose auspices most of these oppressive regulations are framed, has a staff of 5,956 persons and is down on the Estimates for an annual charge of £30,000,000. Lop off half of these superfluous officials and we shall save a large fraction of the money—to say nothing of our name for justice and liberty. In much of our social legislation we have been content in the past to copy bad German models, turning our back on the sturdy traditions of independence which in an earlier age were the pride of the British race. We must retrace our steps, or we shall go down to history as a nation of weaklings. We are not that, as witness the countless landmarks on our rugged island path. Let the future redeem the follies of the passing hour.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

Beneathe
Thys ruine
Lies atte long laste
One
Whoo lied alle ye tyme,

Lenin

Ye Russian Bolsheviste.
Borne
Noe matter where
And noe matter whenne,
Itt is a pitie thatte
Hee was notte entreated lyke a superfluous
Puppe,
Toe witte,
Drowned atte byrthe;
For
Hee was one of ye chief architects of
Hys country its downfall
And conspyred
Toe dragge civilizagione throughout ye worlde
Downe inne redde ruine.
Hee succeeded
Onlie soe farre as hys owne countrie
Was concerned,
Of ye whyche
Hee made a proper messe.
Inne ye guise of so-called
COMMUNISME
Hee establyshed
Ye worste and eke ye most wicked
Tyrannie
Ye worlde has seene.
Hee abolyshed Capitalism
And inne abolyshynge thatte
Hee abolyshed everythynge else worth whyle.
Hee encouraged corrupcione
Of ye vylest sorte;
Hee putte a premium onne cryme
And made a mock of moralitie and religione.
Under hys swaie
Ye Lande of Russia became
An objeckt of horror
Toe alle whoo hadde a sense of decencie.
Moreover
Hee was an hypocrite;
Hee denied
Thatte ye miseries of hys country
Were due toe hym
And hys mobbe
Of Bolshevistick blackguards,
Butte affyrmed
Thatte they arose
As a result of warre,
Ye whych was an arrant
LIE!
Russia became wretched through wretches
Such as hee,
And hee knew itt.
Butte
Whenne a fearfull famine arose
Inne ye lande,
Hee screamed
Toe ye civilized peoples hee hadde scorned
For helpe!
Hee yelled for foode,
And threatened
Thatte
If itt was notte forthcomynge
Hys Bolshevistick hordes
Woulde swarme intoe Europe
Wyth fyre, furie, and fylthe,
Stenche and slaughter,
And reduce
Its fayre and prosperous landes
Toe ye same horrid condigione
As hys owne:
Butte ere thys coulde bee done,
Hee dyed!

Here lye ye foule remaynes of Lenin—
Don't stande toe neare, else you'll want cleanin'.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MAJOR P. B. MALONE, M.P.

Come in, sir. You're next. Shavin'? . . . *Jest a trim?* Cert'n'y. Would you like to take your collar orf, sir? Some gents prefer to, speshly w'en they 'as a shampoo to follow. . . . *You wouldn't think of takin' your collar orf in public?* Fancy that, now! It must be beautiful to be as modest as that. . . . *You're not arskin' for impertinence?* Cert'n'y not, sir. Nothink's further from me thoughts. Modesty's a thing I admires, spesh'lly in a man. Wot a lovely character thet Totten'am Magistrate must' ave, f'rinstance—Major Malone, M.P., I mean. 'E's too good for these times. 'E ought to have lived in the days w'en the women wore ruffles round their bushel-an-pecks, like wot Queen Liz did. . . . *'Ow dare I?* Wot do you mean, 'ow dare I? I don't mean no disrespec' to Lizzie. 'Sides, she's dead. . . . Disrespec'ful to *you?* 'Ow's thet? 'Oo are yer? . . . *You'll 'ave me know you're Major Malone?* You are? Then 'ave a polonie, or a bernarner. 'Scuse me, I must 'ave me little joke. But I'm glad you 'appened to drop in. I'd like to 'ave a word or two with you about that there incident in your Court at Totten'am t'other day. . . .

* * *

You decline to discuss anythink of the sort? I'm not goin' to discuss, I'm goin' to talk. An', first of all, I'm goin' to awsk you, as man to man, w'y a woman shouldn't expose a few inches of 'er pretty neck in your frowsy old Court, if there ain't no objection to 'er doin' it outside? Awnswer me thet? Is there a pertickler 'oly atmosphere about the place w'ere you sits on the Bench and shoves out justice? . . . To my mind, you done a crool thing in drawin' everybody's notice to the young lady, as if she wasn't no better then wot she oughter be. I'm told she's a 'ighly respectable young woman, wot was never so surprised in 'er life as w'en you made your slashin' attack on 'er blouse, or jumper, wotever it was—so to speak. 'Ow would you 'ave liked your own daughter to 'ave bin treated like it? But thet ain't the only thing. Wot bizniss was it o' yours—even if the young woman's neck *was* cut a trifle lower than Mrs. Grundy might think proper? You're on'y a Magistrate. You ain't a dress-censor, are you? You've no more right to pass rude remarks about a gal's dress than wot I 'ave. She appeared before you on legal bizniss, I take it, an' instead of attendin' to thet, you start yappin' about 'er neck. Ungentlemanly, I calls it. . . .

* * *

'Are I finished? No, I 'aven't. I call you a sorter kill-joy. A woman's well-shaped neck is one of the prittiest things you can see. It's a thing I should never git tired of lookin' at, and you ain't no friend o' mine w'en you try to deprive me of the pleasure. As a matter o' fac', Major, I don't envy you your mind. Your sort of prudery leaves a narsty taste in me mouth. You'll be advocatin' skirts for cows next an' breeches for bulls. Pritty fine state of affairs we're comin' to in this country! It's nothink but you mustn't do this, or you mustn't do that. You mustn't 'ave a drink w'en you want one, you mustn't receive a letter on Sunday, an' you mustn't show more than two inches of neck in Totten'am Pleece-court, becos everybody there is so good an' might be shocked! Bah! Wot would you 'ave done if you'd bin Adam, an' met Mrs. Eve in the Garden of Eden in 'er little short shirt of strawberry leaves? I s'pose you'd 'ave fainted, or called for the pleece, or somethink. Bah! Don't come 'ere no more till you've got your mind broadened a bit, guvner. I ken do without your custom, thank yer! . . . Goo'-day, sir, an' mind the step!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"TORBAY EXPRESS":—"A taxi-cab drove up from the direction of Torquay, STOPPED and WENT INTO THE INN."

"REYNOLDS'S":—"THE CROWN PRINCE MARRIED THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, but she died last year."

"WEEKLY WELCOME":—"It looked very much out of place in Peg's one room, where she COOKED HER FOOT AND ATE IT, and slept."

"SPALDING FREE PRESS":—"The bride, who was given away by her uncle, was ATTIRED IN BOUQUET OF STEPHANOTIS AND LILIES."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—"Respect. young WORKMAN requires quiet Brd. and Lodgs. with WAR WIDOW; WHERE NO OTHER LODGERS KEPT. ROOM TO HIMSELF preferred."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"————, of Blackpool, COLLAPSED WHEN BATHING, but managed to get to shore BEFORE COLLAPSING."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The burglars first entered the cellar, and made a hole in the FLOOR to the room ABOVE."

"HORNER'S STORIES":—"Wearily she stretched out her ARMS, and HER DROOPING LIDS MOVED IN PRAYER."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS" (advertisement):—"ALL WOOL COTTON Blankets, 3s. 6d. each."

"DUBLIN EVENING HERALD":—"They felt sure when it (Parliament) COMMENCED TO OPERATE, it would find itself UNABLE TO OPERATE without the co-operation of the rest of Ireland."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"Though a THIEF, he could never have committed a BURGLARY."

"WORTHING GAZETTE":—"At an Uxbridge funeral the deceased's favorite dog got out of the house, followed the cortege to the cemetery, and was with difficulty prevented from ENTERTAINING THE CHURCH."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

That our readers appreciate the care we take in inserting only reliable advertisements is proved by the many letters that we have received on the subject.

Messrs. S. A. Barry and Company have shown us their files, containing over five thousand testimonials received from JOHN BULL readers in one year. This week they repeat their offer of made-to-measure sports coats and tweed and serge suits at very low prices.

On the front cover manufacturers of the well-known Black Cat cigarettes give particulars of a free gift scheme, exchanging panels for very useful articles.

Messrs. George Weston and Co. offer a limited supply of officers' army trench coats at the low price of 65s. each, subject to purchase before September 10th.

Harrill's Stores announce end-of-season sale of a bedroom outfit for 50s.

Messrs. Graves invite readers to send for catalogues of cycles on easy terms.

Messrs. Fisher and Co. will forward an 8 lb. joint of Colonial beef for 6s. 6d., carriage paid.

J. Hawkins and Co. make a remarkable offer of cretonnes.

J. B. Campbell and Co. announce suits and overcoats from four guineas on easy terms, or 10 per cent. discount for cash.

The "Mattamac" illustrated booklet and colour patterns will be sent free by Messrs. Pearson Bros.

Cow and Gate Milk Food. A free sample will be sent on receipt of 3d. to cover postage.

Many bargains are offered in the "Small Advertisements Worth Watching," on page ii. of cover.

The JOHN BULL Guarantee appears on page ii. of cover.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—Mr. Bottomley's Sunday Picture Paper.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

A Janus-like Decision:—The other day a pensioner went before a Medical Board on appeal, and in the course of time received two envelopes by the same post. One of them contained a buff form assuring him that his appeal had been allowed, the other disgorged a pink form telling him that it had been disallowed. You pay your money and take your choice!

"Officers' Ladies" First:—The Suez Canal Commissioners granted all troops at Kantara leave to bathe in the canal 500 yards from the swing bridge. Now the usual has happened. A routine order has been issued, laying down that only officers' "ladies," N.C.O.s' "wives," and married families shall bathe there. "Ladies" be damned! How many of them are better in any way than the Tommies' "wives"? We demand an investigation by the Supreme Commander into this matter. Tommy is sore about it.

Don't Pity the German:—Hands were raised in consternation in the House of Commons when it was officially admitted that a number of British soldiers had married German women who were living in British Government quarters. How about the R.A.S.C. mechanical workshops on the Rhine? British workmen cannot get employment there because Germans are doing the jobs, including turners, fitters, carpenters, body builders, painters, and the rest of it. In the bad days we swore that we would never speak to a German again!

Concerning the Same:—The simple fact set forth in the above paragraph feeds the fear, becoming more widespread every day, that a little later on the Duds of Downing Street will make an alliance with Germany and leave France to come in or stay out. It will not cheer the out-of-work English mechanics to know that the Government prefers the German poison gas merchant, cruel flame-thrower, and general human brute to themselves.

The Colonel's Bad Morning:—A C.O. in Karachi, addressing his battalion, told the men that they were "putrid and no good," and wound up by remarking that he was "fed-up with them." Rather bad news for the Tommies; but even a Colonel is entitled to the joys of an Indian liver.

The Usual Dodge:—A fortnight before the 3rd London Regiment, Territorials, were called up for annual training they were assured by battalion orders that married men would get family allowances. When they were safely in camp it was explained to them that only married soldiers over 26 years of age could obtain the money. Thus is unrest fostered.

Tommy's Drunks!—The list of fines for inebriation which we recently mentioned have been altered by Army Order. They now stand—first bite, free; second, 10s.; third and every subsequent offence, a £1 Fisher. If the third or subsequent offence occurs within six months of the previous lapse the fine is 30s., and if within three months £2. And that's that.

Feisul a Failure:—Quite a sheaf of letters from our friends in the East tell us that the Arabs will never accept Feisul, the man we have made king out there. We never expected they would; but British taxpayers will continue to bolster him up.

Commutation of Pensions:—A new table of rates of commutation of soldiers' pensions is being prepared, and all claims to commute received after August 5th will be dealt with under its terms.

Our Daily "Thank You":—"A thousand thanks to you for your kindness *re* arrears of Service pension, which I have now received. My wife also joins in thanks. You did for us what others, who are supposed to be influential, failed to do."

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the SPORTING LIFE.*)*

The St. Leger.

Galloping continuously on going as hard as the King's highway has found a weakness in Lemonora's armour. Glorioso fell lame in France, but is in strong work again.

Ebor Handicap.

Of all the races on the Northern Circuit the "Ebor" will attract most attention, as it will throw some light upon the Autumn Handicaps. Double Up may, of course, wait for the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester, leaving King's Idler to do duty for Weyhill at York. Mr. Shepherd's improved horse should make a race of it with Spearwort at 2 lbs., though if Harrier turns out to be the best of Lord Derby's contingent, which includes Glorioso, then he may win.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

STOCKTON—WEDNESDAY.
Stewards Handicap—POLEMARCH.
Hardwicke Stakes—*LEMBACH.
Zetland Plate—STANISLAUS.

STOCKTON—THURSDAY.
Elton Plate—ALARCOS.
Durham Produce Plate—TERESSKEN.
Middlesbrough Welter—*GLANMERIN.

BATH—WEDNESDAY.
Summer Handicap—SILVESTER.
Bath Foal Stakes—*POSTBRIDGE FILLY.
Sprint Handicap—YOSHIWARA.

BATH—THURSDAY.
Dodington Welter—GRIVET.
Monument Plate—HOMEWARD FLIGHT.
Grosvenor Handicap—*KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

HURST PARK—FRIDAY.
Richemount Plate—BEAUREGARD.
Lennox Plate—*CILIATA, if abs. BUZZON.
Wilderness Plate—POIRET.

HURST PARK—SATURDAY.
Home Park Plate—STINGO.
Maze Handicap—*BIRD'S NEST.
Apprentice Stakes—CHAT TOR.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Disabled:—An ex-soldier has a wife and children, the former extremely ill. He struggled with adversity and got into heavy debt, and now, crowning sorrow, he is laid off work through blood poisoning.

Nature's Toll:—During the week many mothers with "new arrivals" have been assisted by our fund, and others who had funeral expenses to meet were helped by us.

Their Only Support:—A workless ex-soldier has to maintain how he can a widowed mother and two little brothers, the poor woman and one brother being under hospital treatment.

Destitute and Hungry:—An ex-sailor, who *genuinely* fainted in Long Acre through hunger, had tramped for days and nights with no food and little sleep, and did not know he was so near help when he collapsed.

Pathetic Visitors:—We assisted quite a number of families *sans* out-of-work dole, who are living on the parish short commons of food, and who were in danger of eviction because they could not pay rent.

On His Feet Again:—Having been out of work for a considerable time, an ex-soldier had pawned his clothing and other things to feed his young family. We had him provided with good employment, and retrieved the necessary goods from the pawnbroker.

Robbed:—An ex-soldier, partly disabled, made a living with a horse and trap, but had it stolen out of his stable. He is now in distress.

THEIR FUNDS AND OURS.

Last week we appealed specially to the happy holiday makers to pass around the hat in their hotels and boarding houses for the benefit of our little fund, and as this is being written we are awaiting results. We hope they will be generous, for our subscriptions have sadly fallen off of late. We want you people to remember that while you are enjoying yourselves there are many thousands at home—not of individuals, but of families—who are starving, increasing the burdens of the doctors, and increasing the death-rate. These are patent facts; think of them. These poor suffering, starving people could no more indulge in a holiday such as you are enjoying than they could reach to the moon.

We lay our cards on the table. Here they are. Every sixpence you send us reaches some suffering person without the deduction of a farthing to defray the expenses of administration. JOHN BULL maintains and pays a staff for this purpose out of its own funds. We do not know of any other charity that can make the same boast. We see the advertisements of one London charitable society that collects for the poor. It is now in a position to carry joy riders and freights from here to Canada in its own ships. We cannot compete with legitimate shipping companies by means of your subscriptions, as your money goes out almost as soon as it comes in.

We are fully in sympathy with those starving people in Russia who are victims of the Lenin and Trotsky regime. At the same time, take the heartrending and sensational newspaper despatches that you read concerning the woes of Russia with a large pinch of salt. Anyway, civilised Governments have now in hand the alleviation of any distress that exists in Russia. In the meantime, charity, as we know, begins at home, and those pinched and despairing mothers and fathers in Great Britain should be a first charge upon our purses—the poor little nippers who are but skin and bone through starvation should have our attention before the people who "let our soldiers down." Please help our Fund.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

"Edith" (Bromley), 2s.; L. H. (Chester), 5s.; R. T. M. (Port Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Colchester), 10s.; "Nottingham Admirer," 2s. 6d.; "Hamish," 2s.; "Constance," 10s.; Members of the 360th Water Coy., R.E. (Egypt), £2; W. T. B. (Exeter), 2s. 6d.; A. C., 6d.; S. N. K. K. (Folkestone), 5s.; H. G. R. (Seven Kings), £1; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 2s. 6d.; "Ken," 1s.; "Ex-Service," £1; E. F. G. M. (Cullompton), 10s.; Anon. (Bury), £1; L. W., 10s.; M. C. (Carlton), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Peckham), 5s.; G. W. (Melbourne), 10s.; J. G. (Moss Side), 2s. 6d.; C. E. G. (Brentwood), 5s.; "Target Winner," (Hartlepool), 1s.; "Constant Reader" (Birmingham), 6d.; H. S. (Wood Green), 5s.; C. E. F. (Oldham), 10s.; F. F. (Croydon), 5s.; Mrs. D. (Tunbridge), 3s.; Anon. 2s.; A. and A. W. (Leeds), £1; "Fag," £1; W. L. (Bengal), 5s. 1d.; Sergt. J. G. (Khyber), 7s.; S. E. T., 10s. 1d.; W. P. (Whitstable), 2s. 6d.; "Betty and Peggy" (Willingdon), 2s.; Johnson and Sons' Smelting Works (per P. L.), £1; E. M. S. (Peterborough), 5s. 7d.; T. D. (Belfast), 6d.; F. W. W. (Wandsworth), 1s.; "Doreen," 3s. 6d.; L. H., 2s. 6d.; "W.," £1; "Dudley's Mother," £1; J. McC. (Market Drayton), 2s.; A. W. (Hanwell), 1s.; Anon. (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; W. H. (Epsom), £1; J. A. (Blyth), 7s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M. F. B., 3s.; H. A. B. (Ramsgate), 6d.; "Mick," 5s.; C. A. R. (Muswell Hill), £1; M. A. B., 1s. 6d.; H. L. F. (Brentford), 5s.; "Agnes," (Ryhope), 1s.; A. and A. McG. (Wigtown), £1; "Grove," 10s.; P. Z. R., 1s.; G. E. (Maidenhead), 6d.; "Kit and Billy," 5s.; "An Old Age Pensioner" (East Ham), 1s. 6d.; M. N. (Chelsea), 5s.; E. H., £1; J. R. G. (Coylton), 10s.; W. F. R. (Chatham), 10s.; "Mouse" (Bournemouth), 5s.; A. M. P. (Stapleton), 6d.; O. H. (Midhurst), 2s.; A. G. (Camberley), 2s.; Anon. (Warminster), £5 5s.; "In Memory of Ernest," 10s.; "South Ealing Reader," 12s.; "Bottles," 5s.; M. A. (Crouch End), 1s.; R. S. G., 7s.; L. A. S. (Meole Brace), 1s.; "A Bard," 2s. 6d.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

H. Frances, 22, Jameson Street, Hull, 7s. 6d.; W. N. Wood, Mercantile Trust, Ltd., Ocean House, Cardiff, 9s.; J. L. Griffiths, Commercial Hotel, Caroline Street, Cardiff, 4s. 9d.; J. H. Wright (Master), s.s. "Fernhill," Cardiff, 19s. 6d.; Miss Summers, Dingle Café, Colwyn Bay, 1s. 1d.; J. Duran, 78, Preston Street, Faversham, 1s.; J. Harkness, Post Office, Kirkconnell, 11s.; H. J. R. Balls, Anchor Hotel, South Farnbridge, 5s. 3d.; C. Colman, 2, Bridge Street, Taunton, 6d.; Mrs. E. T. Layzell, Post Office, East Hill, Colchester, 6s. 1d.; W. Ormond, 237, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, 2s. 9d.; W. Turner, 83, Garscombe Road, Glasgow, 5s. 9d.; W. M. Wylie, 170, North Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow, 1s.; A. Stevenson, 39, Ladywell Street, Glasgow, 1s. 6d.

(Readers are earnestly requested to contribute as generously as possible, through this convenient channel.)

Mr. Bottomley's Famous Sunday Article appears in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Hunting the Winner.

Throgmorton Street has very little to do during the dog days, and those who are forced to remain in the precincts of the Stock Exchange are occupying a considerable portion of their ample leisure in a close analysis of the general market situation. It is to be admitted that after most careful examination it is still difficult to be dogmatic about the shaping of events. Oil shares, Kaffirs, Industrials, Home Rails, Mexicans and Russians all possess promise of better things, but which will develop into the super-market during the next few months will depend upon what happens outside the sphere of markets altogether. If between now and the end of the year a General Election comes along or appears imminent we may not have any revival at all, but those responsible for that view are of course pessimists. It is interesting to consider the claims of each group.

Oils and Industrials.

Oils and Industrials are to a certain extent bound to move together. An industrial revival will immediately quicken oil consumption and generate more profitable conditions in the oil trade, a circumstance to which leading oil counters will be quick to respond. Increased industrial activity is dependent largely upon a further cheapening of coal. That is already on the way, and will soon find reflection in the iron and steel trade. Meanwhile textile business is already broadening, and orders from the East quietly but steadily increase, bringing a pledge of prosperity with them.

Kaffirs and Russians.

With both Kaffirs and Russians I have lately dealt on this page. The prospects of both have bettered since I last wrote. As regards Kaffirs, the trouble with the white miners on the Rand has been adjusted, and the monthly profit statements coming to hand from the leading gold mining companies show a practically all-round increase. Speculative confidence both in the local market and in Johannesburg has thus been further strengthened. Russians have reflected the news that the Chairman of the Russo-Asiatic Company has left for Moscow to negotiate the restarting of the Company's operations in Russia. If this is achieved it will be an event of vital significance.

Mexican Portents.

Mexican portents are distinctly favourable. The centenary of Mexican independence is imminent and the country is celebrating the occasion by efforts towards national recovery. Mexican Rails have lately been conspicuously strong on the increase in rates granted by the Government as from September 1st. Mexican Loans have also been better on the President's definite statement that the proceeds of the oil tax, expected to total 7,500,000 pesos by October, will be earmarked to pay interest on Mexico's foreign loans. This will accentuate confidence in the outlook; and it encourages the market in Mexican things generally, not excluding oils and mines, to put prices forward to levels at which they approximate more closely to potential values.

Home Rails Obscure.

Views about the future of Home railway quotations are very much like a shot in the dark. The half-yearly dividends are over. They have been moderately satisfactory, but the market has lately turned heavy from sheer neglect. But underlying confidence in the market has really increased, and this improvement in sentiment is based upon the demonstration we have been afforded during recent weeks, that railway managements are still alive to a keen sense of opportunities. The lines are now independent again. Their fortunes will now be determined by the course of trade.

Brazilians and the Exchange.

A fairly sharp improvement in Brazilian loans and railway issues recently was attributable to a betterment in the exchange value of Brazilian currency, which in turn was traceable to a big sale of Brazilian coffee to Belgium. After this rally the exchange turned weaker again, but it soon developed fresh symptoms of firmness, and it now appears that further sales of the Brazilian Government's coffee stocks are being discussed in other countries. Belgium's purchase represented 700,000 bags, and France is now said to be meditating the purchase, on favourable terms, of 1,000,000 bags. These operations will put Brazil into a much more comfortable financial position, and the advance of a few points in the country's loans may broaden considerably, while San Paulos and Leopoldinas in the railway group become worth watching.

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It cannot stay if you try the eminent Specialist's "Favourite Prescription," "Urillac" Tablets.

"It seemed as if my Rheumatism had to go, for within 48 hours my aches and pains dwindled away, and now I am going away for my holidays, though you may be sure I shall not go without a supply of the wonderful 'Urillac' Tablets."

It is simply impossible for Rheumatic aches, pains, stiffness and soreness to stay when these wonder-working "Urillac" Tablets are used.

Most carefully prepared strictly according to an eminent London specialist's "Favourite Prescription" for all Uric Acid and Chalk complaints, "Urillac" Tablets dissolve and mix with the blood, making it anti-Uric Acid and anti-Chalk.

As quickly as within 24 to 48 hours the user is delighted to experience the rapid relief they never fail to bring. In severe and long-standing cases it is advised that the sufferer continue to take "Urillac" Tablets to make a complete clearance of the system.

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BRAND New, interlined oilskin and with detachable fleece linings, at the remarkably low price of

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About one-fourth of war-time value.

These coats are from the Disposal and Liquidation Commission and are guaranteed to be as described above. They are offered at above low price because they have to be sold at a time when weather conditions are unfavourable for their disposal.

When ordering state height and chest measurement over jacket.

Delivery is generally made in from 12 to 14 days and is GUARANTEED within 21 days. Prepaid mail orders only are accepted, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction, money will be at once refunded, provided garment is returned undamaged within 7 days.

Purchasers of our 30s. reconditioned trench coats who have not yet received delivery, may, if they wish, exchange into this offer on forwarding difference in price.

N.B.—On and after the 10th September next, the price of these trench coats will be increased to 75/- each. All orders received before that date will be executed at the old price of 65/-.

ORDER NOW,
as the supply is limited.

GEORGE WESTON & CO. (Dept. J.B.)
Hounslow, Middlesex.

Advertisers' Announcements.

COMPANY MEETING.

EBBW VALE STEEL, IRON & COAL COMPANY, LTD.

The 54th ordinary general meeting of the Ebbw Vale Steel Iron and Coal Co., Ltd., was held on August 9th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London.

Sir Frederick Mills, Bt. (Chairman and Managing Director), presided.

The Chairman, after having dealt with the figures of the balance-sheet, said:

Now, as to the future, it is of course not only impossible, but exceedingly unwise, to attempt any forecast. Suffice it to say that all classes of the community must begin at the beginning. This Country has, of necessity, blown away the savings of a hundred years in the successful endeavour to preserve inviolate our Country and our liberty. This lost capital must be replaced, and this can only be replaced by hard work, by thrift, and by concord, as Industry can only be continued and expanded by the constant replenishment of Capital.

One is disposed to wonder if the arrangements which your company has made for the welfare, the safety, the comfort, and for the prosperity of your workpeople, of which I gave a recital last year, but which has unfortunately been brought to a sudden termination by the troubles it has been my lot to recite instead this year, were justified, but your directors are satisfied that they then did the right thing, and it is their intention to pursue that policy in the future. Notwithstanding the shock your financial resources have received by what amounts to a practical cessation of output for close on nine months, it must be observed that you hold a remarkable property, developed for a number of years at vast expense, with a great sphere of usefulness before it. You possess the essential raw materials for the natural industries of the country; your possess a great organisation, and I still feel justified in saying, as I did last year, that if we can have a minimum of Government interference, and a fair field and no favour, we shall render you a good account of the improved opportunities that will then be accorded to this great company. He then moved the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, the confirmation of the dividends, and that £52,622 be carried to reserve account and £152,629 to reserve for depreciation on stock values. (Applause.)

Sir John Wrightson Barrow, Bart., C.B.E. (Deputy Chairman), seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously and without discussion.

J. DIMMOCK (*Tottenham Hotspurs*)
in his All Wool BARRY Sports Coat.
An actual photograph.

A £3 3s. ALL WOOL GUARANTEED SPORTS COAT TO MEASURE - - 30/-

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD. THE BEST TRIMMINGS. THE BEST CLOTH. THE BEST FINISH EVER OFFERED ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD AT THE PRICE.

Something for Nothing.

For some time past Messrs. S. A. BARRY & CO. have appealed to the readers of "JOHN BULL" with an offer of a sane, intelligent order. They have stated quietly, but effectually, their claims to this Journal's Readers' consideration. They have offered garments exclusively made to measure at the very lowest possible price consistent with reliable workmanship. They have never sought or pretended to give away something for nothing or next to nothing—having more respect for the intelligence of "JOHN BULL" Readers—, but have genuinely offered garments exclusively to measure at the very lowest possible price consistent with reliable workmanship and durable cloths. They have given their clientele not only value not easily procurable elsewhere, but have evolved an efficient delivery-service which all England is extolling. Moreover, the BARRY SERVICE is backed by the strongest guarantee in the world, never matched by any firm extant:—It is, to repay 2s. 6d. more than the actual money received if any order does not come up to the expectation of their clients.

£6 6s. PURE SCOTCH TWEED SUIT TO MEASURE for £3 10s.

These Tweeds bear the impress of the SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION, and need no other guarantee than this.

They are cut, made and trimmed to perfection. SCOTTISH WOOLLEN *They are beyond competition.*

£6 6s. ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT TO MEASURE. INDIGO DYED LONDON SHRUNK for £3 10s.

(This Cloth is guaranteed ALL WOOL by Bradford Corporation Certificate.)

£4 4s. YORKSHIRE TWEED SUIT TO MEASURE. These suits have even been valued by our customers at £5 5s. and even £6 6s. for £2 10s.

SEND for FREE PATTERNS of ALL THESE CLOTHS.

A postcard will bring them per return. Tweeds, Cheviots, Vicunas, Serges, Homespuns, for your quiet consideration.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD

goes like fresh cream with stewed or tinned fruits, and it is only one-eighth the cost.

Whether the weather be broiling not or pleasantly fresh, no one fails to welcome a delicious dish of Bird's Custard and fruit. Any kind of stewed fruit in season or pineapple chunks, tinned peaches or apricots, is always appetising and enjoyable.

If it be broiling hot, then is the time to cut down meat, potatoes, etc., and eat more Bird's Custard and Fruit.

Bird's Custard with stewed or tinned fruits keeps the system healthy and energetic, yet sufficiently well-nourished.

Always insist upon Bird's, because it is the "only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

C96

WILLS'S CELEBRATED "Gold Flake" CIGARETTES

Registered Trade Mark.

10 FOR 6d.
20 FOR 1/-

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

"HARRY" (Clapham). — "Measures ought to be debated by intelligent men before becoming law." They are—but though brains may think, and tongues may speak, they only count noses in divisions.

"READER" (Harrow).—We agree with your denunciation of racing pests; but as long as reputable men are hampered by "goody-goody" laws, the riff-raff who take the risks will play the game their own way.

F. M. D. (Plaistow).—"What is wanted is a man to guide our ship to a safe anchorage." Or, still more, one who can take her out a mile or two and bring her back without breaking something.

A. S. (Hillington Heath).—You are surely not serious when you state that lots of out-of-works make up their incomes by burglary. The general standard of honesty, and the criminal statistics, are against you.

T. L. J. (Dumfries).—You are a victim of the system. If the doctors on Pension Boards didn't show they were doing their "duty" by a few reductions of pensions, they would speedily get the sack.

H. B. (Wick).—"When the Departments are ordered to reduce expenses, why not get rid of the clock-watchers, knuts and flappers?" That is abolishing the Department, not reducing expenses.

A. S. (Hammersmith).—"Why worry, when one can now buy ice-cream after 8 p.m.?" Yes, it seems worth the war to bring to the top statesmen who can solve mighty problems like that.

W. C. (Coatbridge).—"We look to our Members of Parliament to prevent us being robbed." If you ever read Parliamentary reports, you must be speedily losing that old superstition.

W. R. (London).—"I voted for our pro-Hun M.P. on his promise to ensure Indemnities, War Trials and no more Germans." And next election he will expect the opposition votes because he didn't do it!

M. I. C. (Doncaster).—"What's the matter with the Government?" Offhand, we should say 25 per cent. know nothing, 25 per cent. care nothing, 25 per cent. do nothing, and the remainder *are* nothing.

H. A. (Clapham Common).—"All men are born free, but few escape chains." And when said chains are 22 carat, very few seriously try to escape.

H.M.S. "HAMPSHIRE."—If the survivors of this ship will communicate with the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., they may hear of something to their advantage.

ANONYMOUS (Peckham).—"I have been ten months trying to find a small unfurnished flat." We don't doubt it. Little things like that are easily mislaid.

J. S. (Halifax).—"I have worked inside and outside, but give me the inside for working in." We must try to work that out.

A. Y. (Birkenhead).—We dare not print your complimentary verses on *Sunday Illustrated*. They are so good that a censorious world might think we wrote them ourselves.

H. E. A. (Catford).—"Why should a good ship sink in a calm sea? Where are the pilots?" Under such circumstances there would be more sense in asking if anybody could find the carpenter.

"SARAH" (Eastern Road).—"Once I was on the point of giving you my history, but was referred to a sub-editor." Still, we had picked a really nice one, with an iron constitution!

T. B. (Bedford).—Your Queen Elizabeth shilling may be worth much more to a collector than trying it on a 'bus-conductor, and much less risky.

"INDIGNANT" (Shrewsbury).—"Fancy three months for stealing an orange!" We can only come to one of these conclusions:—The thief was mad; the Judge was mad; or the orange was solid gold!

E. E. J. (Brownhills).—Why shouldn't you look the Vicar in the face, even if you have received uninvited gambling propositions through the post? These things are done from directories, and he probably got one himself!

A. G. A. (Paisley).—"There is too much tinkering at present, and the craftsmen are poor." But a tinker is not a craftsman—he merely patches the places where the craftsman comes unstuck.

S. S. (Dunbar).—"I have no intention of throwing my full indictment on your mental screen." Don't hesitate, our screen being tested to 5,000 deg. Fahrenheit. But what about the Censor?

W. (Southampton).—"I know a single chap who picked up £6 7s. 6d. back-pay." Perhaps he realised it was risky to postpone it till he was married.

E. O. J. (Romford).—"Can you explain the actions of the Ministry of Labour?" No, except on the assumption that they received by mistake the instructions for another Department, and haven't noticed the error yet.

J. T. (Stranraer).—"The men appointed as Census enumerators were all retired and living on the interest of their money." If true, a thing like that is enough to make any Caledonion stern and wild.

H. P. (Hornsey, N.).—Furnish you with the headquarters address of the League of Youth? Certainly not, if that is the League the Brothers Wood are associated with. The best league of youth is love, with headquarters everywhere.

MRS. S. A. H. ("Paradise Lost," N.).—"I was lying on the sofa with *J.B.* in my hand." We always said we were a handy thing to have about the house.

J. W. (Bridport).—"A Welshman is a hysterical person, who prances in a nightshirt at a function spelt Eisteddfodd." Before a few of them get hold of your address, you had better dig yourself in!

J. H. (Clapton).—"What do you think of this—'Rent £150, Rates only £84,' for landlord's greed?" Yes, a minute's calculation shows the poor fellow had only raised the old rent a paltry 150 per cent.

R. H. F. (London).—"This parson asked the son, at his mother's funeral, for 2d. for a Parish magazine she had not paid for!" Then the parson must believe she has gone to Heaven, in which case he would never be able to collect it personally.

S. J. (Hammersmith).—Somebody steals 2s. from you. Then a shopkeeper gives you 2s. 6d. too much change, which you put down to Providence! What if the half-crown is a bad one?

E. O. T. (West Hartlepool). — "An election cannot be run on one thing." No, an election, like a race, "runs" a lot of things, but in the end most of them find they just "also ran."

"C. DE C." (Port Elizabeth).—Quite right, 28 miles is correct, if you take the distance as the crow flies. But we might point out that this particular "crow" was a cat.

A. J. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I could give you many Hindustani words which would be of interest." Tahum bahut achaa, sahib. We know a few ourself.

E. B. (Burnley).—Thanks for the point. Beware lest you hear "Hamlet"—"What, has this thing appeared again?"—from the wrong side of the footlights.

MRS. T. (Gateshead).—It is ridiculous to surcharge you on unstamped letters from your son in hospital in Egypt. Surely the hospital officials could stamp them and charge to his account—unless that is too simple!

J. W. (Cork).—"You seem to have a lot of hard knocks for Scotchmen." No, only for those who think being Scotch is an excuse for anything.

R. W. (Edinburgh).—"An attempt to fit unseasoned pegs into square holes will fail." Why, if the pegs are the same shape and size as the holes? You mean round pegs and square holes.

M. S. (Kingston, Jamaica).—We know those folks with "an awful, pathetic, unbelievable ignorance of the veriest fundamentals." They had the bad taste to prefer a drink to listening to you!

U. L. S. (Walham Green).—"I saw a sunset recently where the sun followed the sky-line instead of dipping behind it." Saving water under recent conditions is a virtue, but you seem to have gone too far.

F. S. T. (Wimborne).—"The Licensing Bill will kill the country hotels, 70 per cent. of the business coming from cars passing through." Cheer up, really thirsty ones will probably stay the night.

DRUMMER J.—"I am not just one who talks through his hat, but has seen most things." At any rate, you prove the Russian proverb that "One may go through a forest and see no firewood."

"VERITAS VINCIT" (Kensington).—"Have people learned nothing from the War?" Well, only that the War, at any rate, looks like qualifying for an Old Age Pension.

M. S. (Southwell).—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." But as beauty lies only in the eye of the beholder, what happens when he gets short-sighted?

C. B. P. (Dundee).—"Really, I am surprised you express sympathy with a fraud." We don't, but we draw a little human distinction between the unconscious and the deliberate.

E. M. R. (Sherborne). — Everything gets balanced in time. Your letter got through with no stamp at all! Perhaps the P.M.-G.'s conscience pricked him for surcharging a post-card despatched five years ago.

"A READER" (Essex).—"Why should men with pensions take jobs when folks with no pensions are starving?" But the greater evil is using the pension to undercut decent wages.

"EX-SERVICE" (Hersham).—Your cutting received. Perhaps the advertiser being a lady farmer was the reason for stipulating "women carters," and nothing to do with the wages question.

"PARISIAN BRITISHER" (Paris).—"Why can't U.S.A. sell for export the liquor they are throwing into the sea, and use the money for charity?" And lose the fun of watching thirsty Yanks weep at the sight? Not Pussyfoot!

M. E. T. (Ramsgate).—The red-tape which snobbishly differentiates between "Officers' Ladies," "N.C.O.s' wives," and "other women" is oblivious to mere protest. The system must be altered.

D. G. (Oxford).—Really, some punters are too funny. You fancy yourself at picking a winner from horses you cannot see, but cannot pick a straight one from bookies you *can* see!

TRY A
"JOHN BULL" PEN
for a week
AT OUR EXPENSE.
For full particulars see last week's issue.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.
By sending this coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. *Aug. 20, 1921.*
P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

LETTER BAG.—(Continued.)

J. C. (Glasgow).—Your poem is wonderful! That fragment, "I will now say 'So long'" is quite on a par with Mrs. Thingumbob's "Ode to an April Earwig." Keep at it—if it kills you.

F. T. (Maidenhead).—"The man is as cute as the Devil himself." But a lot of people give the Devil credit for cuteness only as a testimonial to themselves for defeating him.

H. G. T. (Bentley).—Don't be rash. Remember the butterfly that explained his threat to push Solomon's temple over—by saying he did it to impress his wife!

T. D. F. (Highgate).—"Twig this cutting: 'The riding of Frank Bullock calls for more comment than the running of any of the *other* animals'!" Think of the jockey's name and the heat wave. Then pity the poor scribe.

P. R. (Manchester).—"The limpid brook and crystal rill—taste bitter." We always suspected where they got that *** stuff from.

W. H. (Torquay).—"Everybody has to 'push past' somebody in a cinema." Still, no need to imitate the ox that treadeth on the corns.

R. C (Swindon).—"Enclosed advert: 'Wanted, horses for human consumption' is dreadful." Don't be alarmed. That is the "Steak and Kidney Pie" industry, not Continental traffic.

M. A. C. (Wharfedale).—"Blessed be he that invented sleep." And if he had collaborated with the one that invented work, so as to run them at the same time, what a pleasure life would be!

M. H. (Edinboro').—"Not for love of your opinions, but for curiosity's sake, I have read JOHN BULL for a good number of years." We don't suppose your hat ever blows off, with a bump of curiosity that size.

W. A. (West Ham).—"I lost my silver badge coming from Ely to Cambridge by road." If any reader has found it, we might remind him that these badges cannot be replaced. Enough said?

"THE WATCHER" (Leith).—"I might go on indefinitely." Like Tennyson's "Brook," to which your observations have a fatal family likeness.

W. R. S. (Enfield).—"I volunteered to fight to clear out Germans, and now see my waiter's job taken by one." Yes, this is a case where those who do the seeing should do the waiting.

O. L. (St. Leonards).—"Cannot this sluggish atmosphere be stirred into a moving and living whole?" You seem to have peculiar ideas of the properties of an atmosphere. Do you mean a hemisphere?

A. M. (Leeds).—"I have recently had a baby. I could not afford a doctor or midwife, and they refuse me the Maternity Benefit." So, as you were too poor to qualify for a certificate, they make you still poorer by withholding the benefit.

W. R. (Plympton).—"Many a futile effort is easily mistaken for a good cause." Yes, how many gallant hens have broken their hearts trying to hatch prize chickens from china eggs!

W. M. H. (Aston Manor).—"These Pussyfoot fools should try riding a push-bike 40 miles on Sunday, without refreshment!" But did you ever know doctors who took their own medicine?

K. (Nether Edge).—"There can be no red tape. No quibbling." You must be referring to Heaven or the other place, for your remarks have no application to any Department under present control.

I. W. (Peterboro').—"Don't let's provoke one's wife to fury. Remember she is Judge and Jury." And not infrequently counsel for the prosecution also.

H. W. S. S. (Horsham).—"Many of our Tommies are forgotten by big men." Yes, Tommy is now out of the mind of those who themselves gladly kept out of the "mined."

R. McL. (Charleston, U.S.A.).—It is typical of the Yank who "roasts" Lauder for his meanness to treasure up a cigar-butt which Harry threw away in a fit of absent-mindedness.

E. M. R. (Gipsy Hill).—"Can you stir the conscience of whoever found my watch with those initials?" He or she may have a conscience, but no address for the watch. See what happens now.

T. A. (Cirencester).—"The present beer is a very big thorn in the flesh." But some grumble because they have a lot of flesh and can't manage to pick up a thorn or two.

"OBSERVER" (London, N.).—You give us a tall order by asking for a full list of fires "starting without cause" since the beginning of the war! Also, do you bar insurance as a cause?

"SEMPER FIDELIS" (Exeter).—A little learning is a dangerous thing. We suggest you stick to English when attempting to correct *J.B.* Your French-Latin effort "Mais, cui bono" would make a village schoolboy shudder!

"KNOWLEDGE" (Gt. Yarmouth).—"A girl waited till her card was full, then went on the club with a housemaid's knee." You don't suggest the housemaid makes a practice of lending her knee for the purpose?

B. W. (Wolverhampton).—"Ignorance of facts is no excuse for indifference." Still, you cannot take much interest in something you do not know

A. V. G. (Las Palmas).—"I agree with you that charity should begin at home, but there are degrees of poverty." And too many organisations wait till the degrees are in the region of freezing point.

G. B. (Twickenham).—"Workers who are girls should get as much as the men by Act of Parliament." But who are these workers that are "men by Act of Parliament"?

"NON-SIT" (Oxford Street).—"Although there are seats, many assistants in shops here are not allowed to sit down." But the law only insists on seats, not on sitting. Humanity should do the rest.

S. J. P. (Cricklewood).—"Being launched in Easy Street, with a fair wind blowing, he must advance." Whatever kind of wind is blowing, we shall not recommend launching vessels in the street.

MRS. S. (Preston).—"I am an English girl, with an English husband." That says how your taste or commonsense, but won't get you any medal for originality.

A. W. (Lewes).—Thanks for your offer of dog-licences at 7s. 6d. Could you entertain an exchange of 350 "Bunko" Soap wrappers, two white mice and a little cash for one?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Strength breeds Health: Weakness breeds Illness

AN HONEST UNDERSTANDING—"SEND NO MONEY: WE TRUST YOU."

Prof. Theo. Noel's well-known discovery, Vitæ-Ore, cured his son, cured his friends, and convinced doctors that Vitæ-Ore has the power of putting new life and tone into anyone who will use it as he directed. He refused to make money by the healing spring whose dried ore he found in his work as a geologist, except on condition that no one should pay until after having had a whole month's treatment and acknowledged the benefit received from it.

SENSATIONAL BENEFITS GAINED.

Vitæ-Ore is so named because it has the power, peculiar to itself, of putting new life into the tissues. It is this vitalising property that has enabled Vitæ-Ore to effect such sensational cures. Diseases of such different kinds as

Rheumatism	Enfeebled Nerves
Lumbago	Backache in Women
Neuralgia	Kidney and Bladder weakness
Sciatica	Sluggish Liver and
St. Vitus' Dance	All run down conditions due to the
Dyspepsia	Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and
Chronic Indigestion	Liver

disappear when Vitæ-Ore is taken because the new vitality which it gives enables

NATURE TO EFFECT THE CURE.

Vitæ-Ore is a beverage, not a drug. It is not a patent medicine. The Government exempted it from Stamp Duty after analysis at Somerset House. This is a very important fact, proving the unique character of Vitæ-Ore. But even more important is what "The Lancet" said of it. The editor of the greatest medical newspaper in the world put Vitæ-Ore on its trial in actual medical practice, and reported "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory."

NOT AN UNTRIED MEDICINE.

You are not asked to buy some unknown drug. You are not asked to send any money. You are offered a whole month's treatment of a great medicinal discovery, with the best medical authority behind it.

WHAT VITÆ-ORE WILL DO FOR YOU.

Send without any money for the trial packet—exactly the same size as the 4s. 6d packet paid for by thousands of customers who first satisfied themselves that Professor Noel and "The Lancet" were right—and prepare your first month's supply Drink it in water after each meal. It is practically tasteless and cannot possibly do you anything but good. Then watch yourself. You will notice to begin with, that your appetite improves. Then your sleep will be more refreshing, your nerves steadier, your energy increased. You can work with less fatigue. You can play with more enjoyment. You will look better, your eyes clearer, your skin fresher-looking. Pains and aches that used to trouble you will grow less and less. Hardly noticing their disappearance you will be a new man or woman.

All this, if you are in ordinary health, or run down a little. But

IF YOU ARE ILL

—if your digestion is not good, or if you have rheumatism, neuralgia, backache (especially in women), or any liver or kidney trouble, the effect will be easier to mark. Every day you will be a little better.

ANÆMIC GIRLS IN PARTICULAR

will feel the effect—less breathlessness, redder lips, more regular health.

You are not asked to pay until you feel the unmistakable benefit which Vitæ-Ore always brings. After a month's treatment, if you can write—a postcard will do—and say that you feel no better, we make no charge. You have had the medicine. You do not pay anything. But the experience is that nearly everyone **does** feel better—they have felt the force of the new vitality locked up in Vitæ-Ore. And the honourable understanding is that if you cannot truthfully write that Vitæ-Ore has done you no good, you will send the trifling sum asked. It is only **4s. 6d.** for the benefit which would be cheap at ten times the price.

THIS IS THE DAY TO WRITE.

Do not postpone writing. Send at once for the free trial packet—free if you say at the end of a month that you are no better. You cannot afford to wait. You run no risk: It is impossible for Vitæ-Ore to do you anything but good Do not wait another day before beginning the new life that Vitæ-Ore can give you. Fill in the coupon, or copy it, and send to Theo. Noel Company, Ltd. (Room 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

THIS IS THE DAY TO SEND THIS COUPON

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD. (Room 19),
29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case **You are to Charge me Nothing.**

Name.....

Address.....

JUST THINK! YOU MAY WIN £1,000!

2nd Prize £100

10 PRIZES OF £5

50 Prizes of 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

BIG BULLETS FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-

200 of 5/-

3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 422.

KING GEORGE	FIRST PRIZE	NO BUSINESS HERE	DANGEROUS MAN
WHERE BRITAIN LEADS	I DON'T ENVY	WHITE ELEPHANT	IN THE PUB
WHITEHALL ARMY	HOLIDAY RUSH	PALM OIL	I LOVE
LAND FOR HEROES	NO CHICKEN	FAIR DEVIL	EASY CHAIR
EVERYBODY'S WAITING FOR	KISSING THE MAID	PLAYING	WITHOUT A HOME
SEASIDE PIERROT	STILL TRYING	LITTLE KID	NOT AFRAID
JOY AND SORROW	WILLING HANDS	STRONG AND WEAK	FOR LIFE
FULL SPEED AHEAD	FLAPPER'S GAME	AFTER A DRINK	WORSE AND WORSE
HOW TO BE HAPPY	IDOLISED	GROWING IVY	PROUD FATHER
CATCHING IT HOT	KICKING OFF	STOPPING THE WASTE	GERMAN WORKERS

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 1st.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(422) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 1st.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(422) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 422, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 1st.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(422) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 1st.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(422) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

Result of Competition No. 420 ("Bullets" £500 Offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.
Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 422.

NOTICE TO QUIT	VERY SOON
IN GOVERNMENT'S HANDS	FAIR MASTER
THROWING MONEY AWAY	REFRESHING
WHEN PLAY BEGINS	NOT FOR LONG
FOOTBALL FAVOURITE	DRINKING HOURS
THE RIGHT MOMENT	AFTER A HOLIDAY
FULL UP	OUT OF LUCK
FAME AND FORTUNE	FIRST AND LAST
RECORDING ANGEL	A LOVELY TIME
THE EASY ROAD	WE SELDOM GET

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Sept. 8th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **422** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 422, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 422.

RESULT OF OUR 9TH CRICKET COMPETITION.

No competitor succeeded in sending a correct forecast of the matches played July 30th-August 5th. The following four competitors each sent a coupon containing one error, and, therefore, divide the prize of £250, each receiving the sum of £62 10s.:—

Mr. S. Chick, 30, Bulls Street, Annan, N.B.

Mr. S. Farlow, 42, Stone Street, Southsea.

Mr. F. Naish, Southwick Common, Southwick, Hants.

Mrs. Willard, Key Street, near Sittingbourne, Kent.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

August 20, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee. .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

August 20, 1921. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

CLOSES THIS WEEK!—£1,000 for TEN!

£1,000 MUST BE WON for ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** We would advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

COUPONS FOR THIS COMPETITION APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN "JOHN BULL."

THEY DO *NOT* APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" announcing this Competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (One thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, August 25th** will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 1, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

RESULT OF CRICKET COMPETITION NO. 9 APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Birmingham	v.	Burnley			
Cardiff City	v.	Tottenham H.			
Oldham Ath.	v.	Bradford City			
Sunderland	v.	Liverpool			
Hull City	v.	South Shields			
Rotherham C.	v.	Wolver'ton W.			
Stoke	v.	West Ham U.			
Brentford	v.	Merthyr Town			
Norwich City	v.	Luton Town			
Queen's P. R.	v.	Swindon Town			

☛ **Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(1) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

BUY YOUR CRETONNES DIRECT from the Factory

Effective Designs. Fast Colours. Hard Wear. Every Yard Guaranteed.

ONLY 1/6 per yd.

PATTERNS FREE.

Also **CASEMENT CLOTH** in every variety. Finest quality. 50% below Retail Prices. Send for patterns.

J. HAWKINS & CO. 13, Bank Buildings, Cann Street, MANCHESTER.

STARTLING REGAL OFFER

25/- carriage paid.

The "RAINSTER" Weatherproof is made in a variety of STYLES and Shades for Ladies', Gent's and Children's wear, from Triple-Proofed Material which will withstand the fiercest weather and hardest wear, as over 500,000 satisfied wearers can tell you, and cannot be equalled elsewhere at double the price.

YOU MAY GET YOUR COAT FREE

If in ROTATION your letter happens to carry the 100th Order, in which case we refund to you the full purchase price.

SEND NO MONEY.

Simply write for FREE PATTERNS, STYLES, &c. Convince yourself that NO FIRM can possibly give BETTER QUALITY, BETTER STYLES, or BETTER VALUE.

Money back if not satisfied. Order without delay and avoid the rush.

REGAL MILLS LTD. (DEPT. 7.) BLACKPOOL.

The largest firm in the Kingdom Manufacturing and Supplying DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

in (1) Guaranteed Indigo Serges, (2) Worsteds, (3) Cannockburns, (4) Saxonies (5) Glenurquhart Suitings, (6) Scotch Tweeds, (7) Selected Bunch of Overcoatings. Just quote numbers in which you are interested and we shall send patterns, style book and self-measurement form by return of post. Please note that suits and overcoats are made only of the highest quality materials, as we do not associate ourselves with the rubbish at present flooding the market. Prices range from 6 guineas upwards. Terms 1/ per £ weekly. Cash discount 10 per cent. May we send you patterns?

J. B. AMPBELL & CO.,

Dept. A 28), 133, Oxford Street, Glasgow.

EASY TERMS.

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no screws, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.,

(1763a) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

LADIES'

'Special' ... 9d.

'Gloria' ... 6d.

Men's

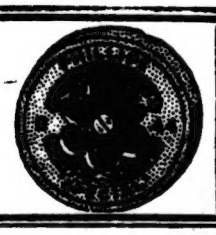
'Special' ... 1/-

'Gloria' ... 9d.

per pair.

Last the time of three."

PHILLIPS REVOLVING RUBBER HEELS



Romance of a Manchester Laboratory.

MYSTERY OF A GREAT NERVE SPECIFIC.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets—an Enigma.

There is in Manchester a huge laboratory—the finest of its kind in the Empire, expensively equipped and scrupulously hygienic in its methods, around which a halo of romance has settled. We speak of the home of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the manufacturing and distributing centre of one of the greatest medicinal boons the world has ever known.

Why is Romance associated with this laboratory? Because, without a doubt, the histories of life and hope and salvation from suffering which come to it day by day from nerve sufferers all over the world would add glamour to the most prosaic business. The successes of Dr. Cassell's Tablets make the wonderful formula from which they are constituted more of an enigma every day. At a stroke they have ruled out all old-time specifics for such ailments as sleeplessness, brain-fag, over-strain, nervous breakdown, neurasthenia, neuritis, anæmia, indigestion, kidney troubles, and children's weakness, and grateful testimony from thousands of users proves their undoubted efficacy.

The factory is thrown open to visitors because the sole manufacturers, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester, are proud of the preparation, and there is no secrecy in the process of manufacture. The Tablets are sold at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box by all chemists.—*Advt.*

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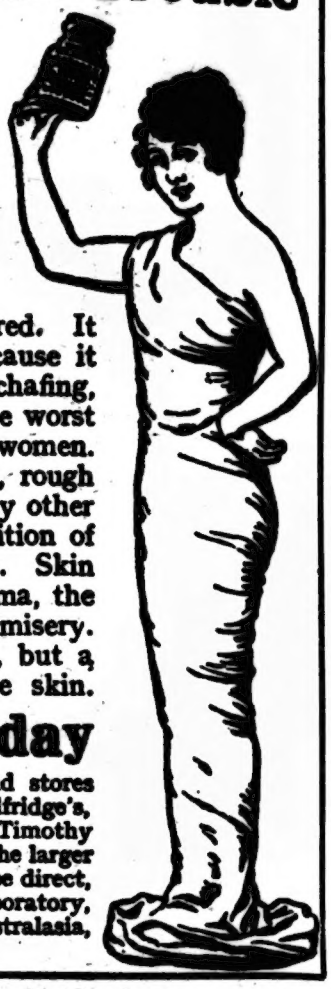

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